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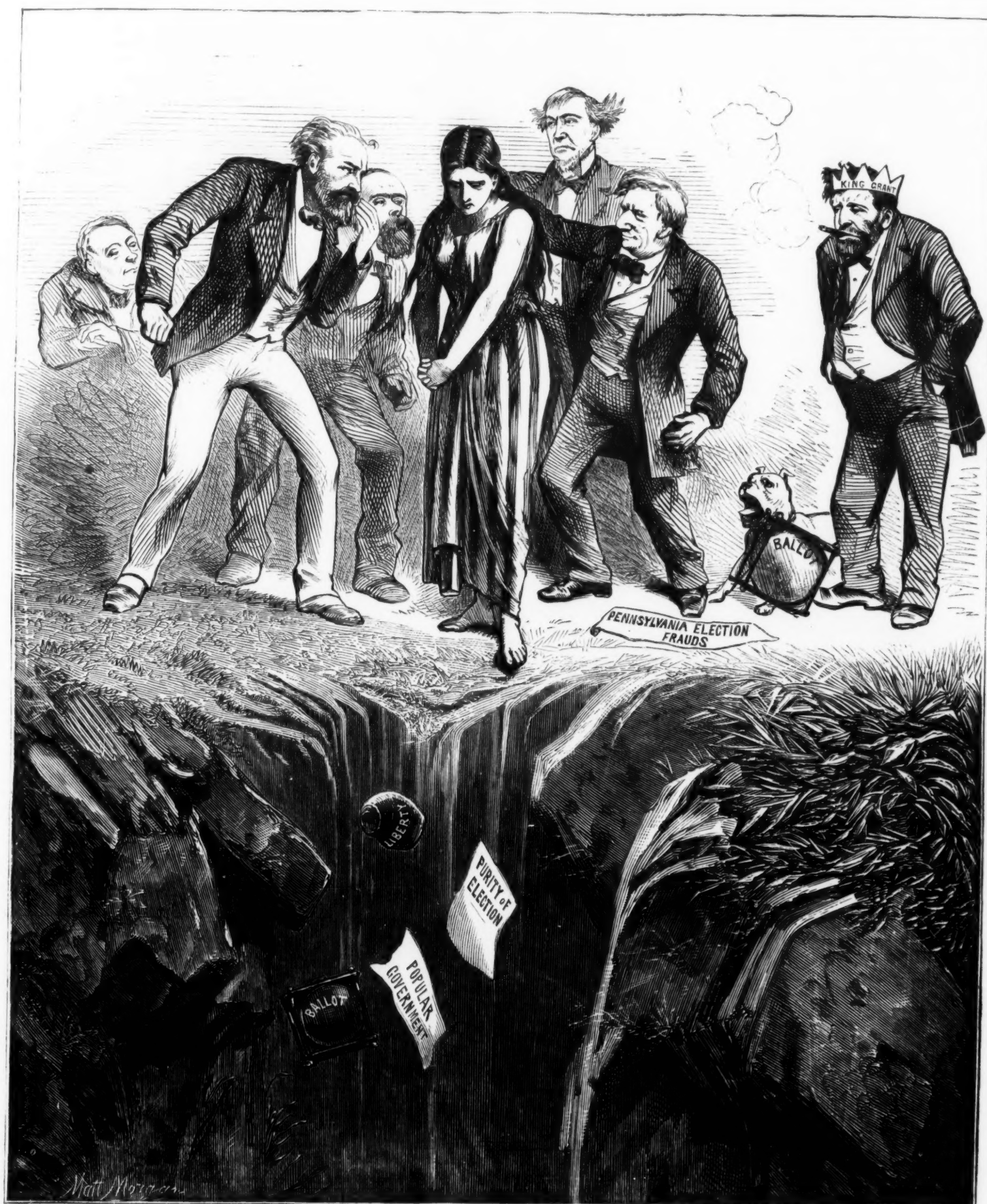


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THE REPUBLIC ON THE BRINK

U. S. G.—"Push her off, boys. I'll kick this thing over. We must have things our own way."

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
 NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 9, 1872.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established illustrated paper in America.

CAUTION.

We have received several letters recently from the Western States, notifying us that a man calling himself J. H. Johnson, J. H. Fisher, etc., has been collecting subscriptions for our publications, and decamping with the money. We beg to announce, for the hundredth time, that we employ no traveling agents, and that all who represent themselves as such are impostors, who should be handed over to the police.

THOSE WHO WILL VOTE FOR GRANT.

THOSE who favor Gift-taking in exchange for office will vote for Grant.

Those who favor Nepotism will vote for Grant.

Those who approve of the idleness and dissipation of Grant, his absence with his Cabinet habitually from Washington, will vote for Grant.

Those who approve of an illegal Military King at the White House will vote for Grant.

Those who favor Centralization as opposed to Local Government will vote for Grant.

Those who believe in Perpetual Disunion, Carpetbagging and a War of Races will vote for Grant.

Those who believe that a President should force his Renomination and Election by crushing State Rights with the Federal power will vote for Grant.

Those who think Grant had the right to declare war against Hayti, and steal Santo Domingo, will vote for Grant.

Those who believe that the Government did right when it sold our arms and munitions of war, contrary to law, to France, a neutral, to help her beat Germany, will vote for Grant.

Those who believe that the Treasury shall confederate with Wall Street to dicker in gold, and so create "Black Fridays," will vote for Grant.

Those who believe in a Personal Government for the benefit of Rings—which shall be held indefinitely, for any term of years—will vote for Grant.

Those who think it right to tax office-holders for an electioneering fund, and to corrupt the Civil Service so that all the Government machines shall be converted every four years into a Presidential army, with which to stamp out the freedom of elections, will vote for Grant.

Those who think it right for all the Cabinet to desert their posts, and to stump for months over the land in behalf of a Personal President, will vote for Grant.

Those who think that the Secor frauds and the Chorpennu frauds upon the Treasury, as practiced by Robeson and Creswell, are good things, will vote for Grant.

Those who admire Cramer, and Dent, and Murphy and Leet and Stocking, will vote for Grant.

Those who admire the Alabama Fizzle will vote for Grant.

Those who think it well that members of Congress shall take bribes, in the shape of dividends from stock to secure their "protection" to railroad monopolies, as in the case of the Crédit Mobilier, will vote for Grant.

Those who admire an Indian policy which permits murder to riot on our frontiers, and which converts the Indian trade into a monopoly for the benefit of the pets of the Secretary of the Interior, will vote for Grant.

Those who approve of such Carpetbag scoundrels as Scott and Moses, of South Carolina, and Bullock, of Georgia, and Casey, of New Orleans, will vote for Grant.

Those who like to see a President of the United States grow rich in his office out of the gifts made to him by all sorts of corrupt cliques, such as railroad rings, iron rings, Syndicate rings, and Wall Street rings, will vote for Grant.

Those who believe in fostering all kinds of monopolies at the expense of Labor, such as pet banks, railroads to which millions of acres are given as subsidies until these become the masters of the public liberty and the absolute tyrants of the Government, will vote for Grant.

Such as oppose the One-Term doctrine will vote for Grant.

Those who admire military rule—which suspends Habeas Corpus and declares martial law in its discretion—which demoralizes Con-

gress, until it makes absolute tools of the House of Representatives and the Senate, and which strikes down independent Senators, like Sumner, who dare to resist the usurpations of the military head when these encroach on the independence of the Senate, will vote for General Grant.

Those who admire a President who knows nothing about statesmanship; who cannot deliver a public utterance in good grammar, and who admits that he is incapable of making a speech on public affairs; and whose bungling addresses to his fellow-citizens are the laughing-stock of the world, will vote for General Grant.

Such as love to have the rule of such an Ignoramus delegated to the hands of men like Murphy, Dent & Co., Casey, Scott, Moses, Bullock & Co., Morton, Conkling & Co., Cameron, Hartranft, Yerkes, Tweed & Co., and to the successors of Boss Tweed generally, will vote for Grant.

Those who uphold the shameless outrages practiced the other day in Philadelphia, and who prefer false registration and frauds of all sorts over a free ballot, will vote for Grant.

Those who want the evidence of all the enormous frauds of the satraps of the Government—of which the proof exists on the files of the Departments in Washington—to be covered up and hid from investigation, should vote for Grant.

Those who believe that we are still at war with the South; that her debt and taxes shall be still further increased to feed Grant's personal army; that her lands shall be wasted; that emigration shall be scared from her soil; that the blacks should league against the whites until civil war breaks out there between the races, will vote for Grant.

Those who favor Despotism and Sectionalism and Empire, as opposed to Local Government, Union and Democracy, will vote for Grant.

The Democrat who wants his party to perish, when he has the power to save it by his vote, will not vote for Greeley, and in this way he will vote for Grant.

Those who wish to endorse the most corrupt and ignorant and lazy Administration known in our history, whose only boast is that the people are paying their taxes and reducing the War Debt, and whose financial policy is to keep up a constant traffic between gold and greenbacks for the benefit of the rich as opposed to the poor, will vote for Grant.

The lovers of a strong centralized government, which is deadly to free institutions, will vote for General Grant.

Those who would resist investigations into abuses—those who are in favor of whitewashing corrupt officials—will vote for Grant.

Those who admire a character like that of Senator Cameron, who was proved to have used his position in the Cabinet in the hour of our country's greatest danger for the most corrupt purposes; who was censured by the vote of a great majority of his party friends in the House; who was driven out of his Cabinet by Abraham Lincoln—those who admire this man, and think that Grant did a good thing when he forced him to the head of an important Committee, over Sumner, and who approve of the joint Grant and Cameron frauds in Pennsylvania, will of course vote for Grant.

Those who heed the warnings of such eminent Republicans as Greeley, Sumner, Banks, Schurz, Trumbull, Julian, Selden, and hosts like these—and of such eminent Democrats as composed the Baltimore Convention, and of the great Party leaders like Seymour, Hendricks, Pendleton, Hoffman and Thurman, who indorsed that Convention, and who appeal to the people to stand by for the sake of Reform and of an imperiled Union, and for the sake of the future of Democracy—such as heed these patriots will vote for Greeley.

Those Democrats who prefer Grant's acts and his platform over the Cincinnati and Baltimore platform and Greeley's Letter of Acceptance, will not vote for Greeley, and so will vote for Grant.

The man who is not fit to be a freeman will willfully absent himself from the polls.

ONE-TERM.

GRANT began his Administration by saying—through Mr. Rawlins—to Colonel Forney and others, that he must have a second term—that he could not afford to lose the Generalship of the Army and to go out of power at the close of four years. What demoralization this determination of Grant has worked to the nation, is seen in a debauched Public Service and an overslaughed Ballot, and in the parasites and rogues who played on his ambition to accomplish their sordid ends. It is the Two-Term Temptation which has made Grant indifferent to all the corruptions of his pets, whose gripe is fastened on the vitals of the nation like that of vultures. For the sake of a second term he has converted the Government practically to his personal ends, careless of everything except in seeing to it that his staff, his political

generals and army did their proper work to insure to him a further lease of power.

This Two-Term Bait naturally attracted the reckless and corrupt, who at once placed themselves at the Presidential feet, as so many steps on which he should mount to the height of his ambition. In this way Grant became instantly mixed up with all the old stagers, with whom politics is simply a gambler's game. The better class of statesmen cared but little to elbow their way through the Leets and Murphys and Tweeds of the land, to get at a President who, having resigned himself to such influences, must naturally repulse their advances. In a Court where Murphy was Prime Minister, better men did not care to enter. How could the representatives of honesty, fraternity and nationality contentedly mingle with the representatives of corruption, fraud, sectionalism, usurpation and tyranny?

It is on this issue that the Liberal Republicans have parted for ever with men like Grant, and it is on Grant's shameful record that we base the One-Term doctrine. Is not such a Reform most necessary? Have Cincinnati and Baltimore declared for this Reform one moment too soon?

SIX OF ONE, AND HALF A DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

LIFE-LONG REPUBLICANS.

DR. U. S. GRANT,
 GENERAL DIX,
 SIMON CAMERON,
 GOV. BULLOCK,
 BEN. BUTLER,
 TOM MURPHY.

HOW CAN A REPUBLICAN VOTE FOR

HORACE GREELEY,
 CHARLES SUMNER,
 CARL SCHURZ,
 LYMAN TRUMBULL,
 SALMON P. CHASE,
 CASSIUS M. CLAY?

STEWART L. WOODFORD,
 GRANT'S BOSOM FRIEND.

IS HE A FIT SUBJECT FOR CONGRESSIONAL HONORS?

THIS man Woodford is the Grant candidate for Congress in the Third District. In order that the public may know who and what he is when they come to vote, we propose to make a brief showing of his official record. In doing this, we shall confine ourselves to such matters as are capable of proof, and intimately connected with the question of his fitness for high official trusts. It will be remembered that he was at one time (1862) Assistant United States Attorney of the Southern District of New York. It was while in this capacity that United States Marshal Murray seized the ship *Augusta* for violation of the United States laws, in outfitting and sailing from this port for the coast of Africa, there to take on board a cargo of negroes, for the island of Cuba. This vessel cost over \$5,000, and contained a cargo valued at \$1,500—a total of \$6,500. On trial the ship was condemned, an appraisal ordered, and leave granted to bond the vessel. This would allow her to depart and forfeit the bonds. For some mysterious reason the appraisal was only \$2,000, or less than one-third the real value. The sequel showed that the father-in-law of Woodford was one of the appraisers. Marshal Murray remonstrated—one of the appraisers resigned (the father-in-law, we think), and the new appraisal was \$4,200; still only two-thirds the value.

It was discovered that the *Augusta* was reloaded with the same cargo, and preparing to escape. Application was immediately made, on information, to Stewart L. Woodford, for a new process. This was denied, and the Marshal informed that he could not execute a second process.

The Marshal then appealed to the Department of the Interior, alleging strong suspicions of collusion between the Attorney of the United States and the owner of this slaver. This brought the necessary orders; the Collector refused papers, and the Marshal renewed his efforts for the necessary process. Notwithstanding his applications were almost hourly, Stewart L. Woodford, under various false pretexts, failed for three days to do his sworn duty; and when the writ issued, the vessel was gone—the very thing intended by the parties to the conspiracy.

As we proceed, we find Woodford, pending the controversy, dining with the owner of this slaver, sleeping in the stateroom with Oaksmith, negotiating legal business with him, agreeing to act as his attorney. We find, also, that Oaksmith asserts that he was to pay \$5,000 for the first appraisal, and did pay \$3,000 for the second, and this to one of the appraisers, who was the father-in-law of Woodford, the United States Attorney in the case. Secretary Smith was forced to admit that all these circumstances looked suspicious, as well he might; but, as in other similar cases, he plastered over the official malfeasance. To this must be added the meanest of all sins, and that is, charging the cause of the first appraisal on an innocent man, Horton,

and allowing him to suffer. For this act Mr. Horton took Woodford by the ear, led him down-stairs, confronted him with the Marshal, and compelled him to take back the charge that he (Horton) had influenced the first appraisal.

Stung by the infamy of his own conduct, he enlisted, was breveted Brigadier-General without a battle, and settled himself as Provost-Marshal. This was the sum of his military career. Thus we find him reaping emoluments and wearing a title which he never earned.

For all these distinguished services as Attorney and Provost-Marshal, with the pay of Brigadier, he has been rewarded with a nomination for Governor, a term as Lieutenant-Governor, and now asks to go to Congress. No impartial mind can read the proofs produced by Marshal Murray without a full conviction that Stewart L. Woodford was in complicity with the owner of the *Augusta*, a vessel outfitted and libeled as a slaver; that he took a bribe, or that his father-in-law took a bribe, and that he was most likely interested in the results of this speculation in human beings. At all events, he was willing that the laws should be violated, to assist in their violation; and that his own family should profit by his public perjury. The files of New York papers, the public report of the case, the testimony of Robert Murray, United States Marshal, the confessions on oath of Woodford, the allegations of the owner of the vessel, the statements of the Deputy Marshal, the confessions of the Secretary of the Interior, so perfectly agree in all the essential points as to leave no doubt of official corruption, involving bribery and perjury, and complicity in the slave-trade. Then we have the low appraisal; the second appraisal, double the first; the sale of the vessel at figures double the appraisal; the delay and prevarication—the false counsel given the Marshal; and the escape of the vessel, with forty-eight hours the start of the Marshal, to be added to the other facts in confirmation of these charges.

We should not be astonished that such a man aspires to be the bosom friend of General Grant, and desires to be near the person of the President. Between a bribe in office and a bribe to bestow an office, there is hardly a shade of difference. Such as he properly lead and represent the party of plunder, and political frauds. All the honesty, all the patriotism, all the love of the negro found in him, would not save an idiot. The colored people, of course, will support him. Why not? A man who has lent himself to kidnapping and enslaving the colored race is exactly the man to protect them in all their natural rights. It is to be hoped, however, that the great mass of legal voters in the Third District will not disgrace themselves by electing a man to Congress, by birth a Northern man, educated in a community abhorrent of slavery, who would sink himself so low as to countenance and profit, in violation of law and oath, the outfitting of a slaver in the port of a free State.

The betrayal of a public trust, the acceptance of bribes against the public rights and laws, are sins which should have no amnesty. Of these acts, the man whose name heads this article is unquestionably guilty. No explanation or denial can wipe out the damning proofs of his guilt. A corrupt Administration and a corrupt party may screen and even reward him for his treachery to law and principle, but from the public mind the conviction of his guilt cannot be obliterated.

INDORSING GRANT.

THE late so-called elections are not indorsements of Grant. They are simply evidences of corruption and fraud. Every thinking man feels that this is the most corrupt Administration ever known in our history, and that it is as little distinguished for ability of any sort as it is for integrity.

It is simply disgusting to read about the "indorsement of Grant's Administration at the late 'elections'!"

Those "elections" exhibited to us a Hartranft and a Yerkes, and a Cameron and a Morton, and their corruptions. They were only illustrations of their villainous and wickedness, and the treachery of magistrates to law. They were scandals and outrages, perjuries and forgeries, carnivals of the greatest scamps in the land, protected and spurred on in their bad doings by the Federal Government.

Indorsement of Grant! If anybody had ventured to predict, a dozen years ago, that a man with such moral and social antecedents as are Grant's, one in all respects so ignorant and disqualified, would be President of the United States, that prophet would have been regarded as a lunatic.

But as we have sown, so we have reaped. Grant is the growth of a hateful civil war. His name is inscribed in our history amidst flames, lamentations and tears. As President, he has been the Genius of Evil.

As a soldier, he is ludicrously overrated. His military fame is not the result of reflection or genius, nor of a series of great actions, such

as distinguish real Captains, and enable them to command fortune by doing everything necessary to secure it. Grant mounted on sheer luck and overwhelming force. He has shown neither intrepidity, magnetism nor grandeur, in any of his military enterprises.

As a civilian, Grant clothes himself in Dogmatism, that "battle-horse and armor of fools," to screen his ignorance of all matters which belong to the statesman. His example has instilled into the people the plague and poison of Corruption. Of all faults in the head of a nation, Immorality is the worst. It infects all society from such a source, and becomes a nation's scourge. It strengthens Vice and weakens Virtue. The late "elections" are illustrations of such example in the head of a government. The same spirit which rejoices over such "elections" would celebrate another St. Bartholomew by a *Te Deum*.

History must record Grant's Administration as a startling innovation indeed! It is the first American Administration which has about it the surroundings of Rome in her decay—ignorance, laziness, voluptuousness, cruelty, profound immorality, cold egotism, an utter disregard of justice and human happiness.

It is with the Democratic Party to sustain or defeat Grant. What will they do? Will they prefer the shadow to the substance—the shadow of a name over the substance of success? And success in such a cause!

BEHOLD THE MEN!

THERE now remains not the shadow of a doubt but that, with the help of the Democratic vote, the Liberal Republicans would have foiled Grant's shameless usurpation in Pennsylvania. The unpolluted Democratic vote there held the balance of power.

The same fact existed in Ohio. And now we have Governor Hendricks on the stand, who tells the world that, had the Democrats been true, and voted in solid column, Indiana would have elected all her State ticket. Democrats will do well to note what Mr. Hendricks uttered on this head in a speech made a week after the Indiana election. Said Mr. Hendricks:

"A little more effort would have elected both the Congressmen-at-Large and the whole State ticket. The vote of the Liberal Republicans in the election just closed was a true one in favor of Reform. He was granted to express his obligations for their support. * * He regretted that there is a single man in the Democratic Party that received Grant's money, and in return for it struck a blow against reconciliation and the honest administration of the laws. They will hereafter be rejected by the Democrats and neglected by the Republicans as unfit to be trusted. Indiana can be carried for Greeley and Brown, if we work vigorously."

The Democratic leaders in Pennsylvania and Ohio are nobly seconding Mr. Hendricks in this appeal to the Reluctant Democrats to rise to the height of the situation, to come forward shoulder to shoulder with the Liberal Republicans, to preserve the Ballot! That is the issue now. The despotic and lawless conduct of Grant in the recent elections has narrowed the question to that of a Free Ballot, or an Imperial Plébiscite.

Which of these will the Democrats give the nation?

WHAT A PICTURE!

AS an illustration of Carpebag rule in the South, our candidate for Governor, Mr. Kernan, said, in a public speech the other day, that a friend of his in Cattaraugus County bought a plantation, lying about forty miles from Charleston, S. C., in 1869. For that year the taxes on it were \$40; in 1870 they were \$180; in 1871 they were \$500; and this year \$1,000!

This illustration applies to a great part of the South, whose poverty and oppression lose us their trade and the benefit of what might be their wealth, and augment our taxes greatly because of their inability to contribute to them. Shall this "bloody chasm" be kept longer open? Don't the North see how her business interests suffer from the condition of the South? If we have neither hearts nor patriotism, how about our pockets?

FIRST IN THE FIELD.

WE reproduce below with pride a short extract from our leading article published more than a year ago, in which we declared for Horace Greeley as our candidate for the Presidency.

(From FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, July 15th, 1871.)

"GREELEY FOR PRESIDENT."

"We do not know how far the newspapers that talk of Horace Greeley for President are in earnest. As for ourselves, we accept and adopt his name to the full extent of our Republican sympathies. We see no reason why Horace Greeley should not be the next President of the United States, and we believe he would make an excellent President. It may be said of him, in advance, with a degree of certainty, that he has read the Constitution of the United States, which may be doubtfully affirmed of the Lord of Long Branch. It is certain that under his Administration, although as the Presidential Cadmus he might sow dragon's teeth, they would not of necessity spring up Demos. Nor, if he were to drive in the Central

Park, do we think it probable that his youngest son would call out, in passing the Morse statue with its extended hand: 'Stop, pa; he wants to give you something.'"

LETTERS FROM JUNIUS.

NO. XXXI.

THE PROSPECT

MY readers and myself are now nearly at the end of our journey. This will be the last political letter "Junius" will write, except that, after the result of the Presidential election is declared, which may review the field. Those who have listened to me from the beginning have read the history and the arguments and facts of this wonderful canvass, from its beginning at Cincinnati to its close. I have done my duty, in a plain way, unostentatiously, and with little regard to points of speech or flowers of style. Above all, I have aimed at truth, and to convey it pointedly and in common language.

This writer, always a Whig and Republican, threw all of his energy and leisure in favor of the election of General Grant. From Grant's Administration I had the highest hopes. I need hardly add how bitterly I have been disappointed.

Alas for Grant! Alas for his historic fame! He neglected the sublime mission of Union, Purity and Peace, and fell beneath the arts of such Tempters as Murphy and Fisk, and Tweed and Leet and Stocking, and all the long line of Gift-bearers, until his Avarice and Ambition absorbed him to such an extent that he confederated with low, selfishly ambitious and vulgar men, for low and personal objects, to achieve which he has demoralized the nation as never has it been debased before! All the mission of much needed statesmanship has been subordinated to the groveling aims of such fellows as cared only to enrich themselves out of the *débris* of the war, while they flattered Grant and promised him an indefinite lease of power, and so used him! And now, finally, that the sentiment of the nation is aroused against him almost to the point of revolution, Grant has not hesitated to achieve, by open force and undisguised fraud, a victory—not over the indictment on which his Administration stands impeached before the country—but over the Ballot-box! Fortunately his last outrage—which is the logical result of his Personal Reign—has been developed in time for redress, if the Opposition will march to the polls in solid column, irrespective of party traditions, and simply declare their judgment on the grave issues of the day.

The path to victory is open. The reserve force of the Liberal Party has only to take the field manfully, and the victory is won.

But whether or not a portion of our people, fairer now, bickering and sullen over names and dead things, and stop short in their duty, the Cause will go on! The movement inaugurated in Cincinnati will prevail. A grand Conservative Party has been founded, which will restore the Constitution, its checks and balances, and the rights of the States as proclaimed by the war. Radical Republicanism is mortally wounded. The heart of the North has warmed to the South. An Opposition exists at whose power the corrupt Rings tremble, disguise their fear how they may. The reign of hair-splitting, distracting politicians is over. The military glamour dazzles no more. The old Bourbons are swept from the field. The new generation will unite in the warmth of love, and with the ardor of youth, as brother with brother, to protect our institutions in their purity, and our Union from coast to coast. With Greeley's election, Reform will crystallize and go promptly into practical operation. If the people are cheated now, Grant must surrender, and subordinate his policy to our demands, or a struggle will arise between Democracy and Despotism, in which the latter must go down, either peacefully or forcibly. The country will no longer endure the corruptions of Rings, the sea-side and railroad dissipations of the Administration, carpetbagging, discord, and negro leagues, the meannesses of Nepotism, the brokerage in gifts, the conversion of the public service into a mere electioneering machine, the pollution of the ballot-box by the rogueries of men like Tweed, and the pillage of the South. Nor will they stand idly by and see a bribed Congress selling the public domain to corrupt monopolies. Nor will they longer permit the Robesons and Delanos and Creswells of the Cabinet to abstract the public funds, against the law, to enrich pet contractors. No. The good seed has been sown, and must bear its fruit. I hope that we shall reap this much-needed harvest as the reward of the present canvass.

The Liberal Party has achieved almost incredible, and certainly unprecedented results. Based wholly on the Right, without money, without patronage, without organization, conflicting within itself in the matter of reconciling old party opponents to work in harmony, and under an unaccustomed lead, it encountered gigantic wealth, a dominant party, perfect discipline, the prestige of past successes, the influence of the entire public patronage, the occupancy of all the public offices, the Carpebag control of one section of the country, and the possession of the votes of a whole race of people recently emancipated from slavery. And yet this party, within six months, has accomplished by the arts of peace national results which the Radical Republicans failed to achieve in six years of unchecked power.

If the war conquered the arms of the South, it was reserved for the Liberals to conquer their hearts, which the Radicals kicked about like so many party foot-balls! We have made secure the three last Constitutional Amendments. We have welded with us the Democratic Party upon a platform that guarantees for ever all the fruits of the war, securing cheerful assent to the citizenship of the negroes. We have obliterated useless and pernicious party lines and prejudices, and we have struck a deadly blow at corrupt caucuses. If Grant's Government Machine triumphs, therefore, it will only be a Fraud that wins. The nation will never submit. Before half his term be out, he will be stripped of the power to do mischief, for we shall see the people in control of the Senate and the House.

But Grant must not be permitted to accomplish this fraud! He has become a dangerous leader in the hands of bad men, who represent such enormous wealth as may lead to ambitious schemes which will distract and disturb incalculably. We have not forgotten Santo Domingo. No man can tell what desperate Power may seek to achieve, nor the tools it may employ, when once corruption in government leagues with that sort of wealth in the country which is merely sordid, which despises the agony of Labor, which hates Democracy and leans to Privilege and Imperialism. Such is that accursed Shoddy Wealth that for ever springs out of protracted war, and which, unlike legitimate wealth, is an enslaving and grasping monster, without heart or conscience or patriotism.

Take as an example of this sort of wealth the revelation which Mr. Moses Bates, of Boston, has just made, concerning the Pacific Railroads, from which it appears that there is an excess of nearly three hundred miles of mean larding over and above the surveys of the roads. This fraud cost the people some twenty millions in lands and Government bonds, in addition to the subsidies secured in 1862 and 1864. In giving the roads this circuitous direction, the Corporation secured, also, the most valuable lands, the amended Charter of 1864 giving them for each mile of road ten alternate sections of land, extending twenty miles back on each side, with Government bonds, bearing six per cent interest, at the rate of \$16,000 per mile, this amount to be doubled and trebled over the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas. Another swindle in connection with the Central Pacific was the road between Sacramento and San José, a road which is 129 miles from the Pacific Coast, and has no claim upon the Government for subsidies. Yet they succeeded in getting a gift from Congress of about \$2,000,000, besides a large land grant—and then they abandoned all but fifty miles of the road and supplied San José by a road from San Francisco! Such are the frauds as made the Crédit Mobilier necessary, and members of Congress indispensable as partners! These are the frauds which will ruin us if not checked. Ponder on them, and then ask yourself, Reader, whether it is not time that an honest administration shall fearlessly investigate, and arrest and expose these rogues, in and out of Congress?

In looking over the field, all seems well for success. The control of this struggle is in the hands of the Democratic organization. Without regarding the Pacific Slope and other doubtful States, the South, with New York, Indiana, Connecticut and New Jersey give Greeley 187 electoral votes, or three more than is necessary to elect. It does not seem within the probabilities that we can lose either New York, Indiana, Connecticut, or New Jersey, save through the apathy or obstinacy of the Democrats. Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nevada and California promise Greeley majorities; and Illinois assures us, through her Committees, that she will side with Indiana; while in Ohio, all of Grant's power but achieved a majority which leaves only 6,000 votes there to be overcome, and the power to do this work is with the Democrats! To put the very worst face upon it, Greeley's chances are equal to those of Grant. Our friends in Indiana, Ohio and Illinois are making a great fight.

New York city is to be invaded by all the old arts of Tweed. They will attempt the Philadelphia game here, by the combination of Tweed's roughs with the Custom House minions and some Wall Street sharpers; and the ancient frauds of repeating, false counting and ballot-stuffing are meditated. But that noble people who have done so much for us within the short life of our Reform Party will no longer have to contend with Grant's concentrated forces. He must scatter these now! Courage and work, union, a full vote, and the day is ours!

In conclusion, I wish to say, that if "Junius" has been often personal in these Letters, it has been because the case demanded it. The liberty of the Press is of no use to society unless such latitude be allowed in the discussion of public affairs. The license of the Press in this direction should, therefore, be promoted. When an Executive has reduced all the branches of the Government to a state of abandoned servility and prostitution, there is no punishment to fear beyond the censorship of the Press, which alone excites a spirit of resistance among the people. It is the Press which forces magistrates to decide between their duties and their reputation.

JUNIUS.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

The Minstrels are doing a good business.

"AGNES" holds the boards at the Union Square.

The Rubinstein concerts in Boston were highly successful.

FORREST, Emmett, Jefferson, and Lotta, will not appear on the stage this year.

CAROLINE RICHINGS is still traveling about the country singing in English opera.

"THE 3 MUS-KEE-TEERS," an excellent burlesque, has made its appearance at Wood's Museum.

OCTOBER 23d, Miss Kellogg and Madame Lucca both sang in "Don Giovanni," at the Academy.

MR. LAWRENCE BARRETT has been playing a brilliant engagement at the Pittsburgh Opera House.

FRENCH opera has been abandoned in New Orleans, though it has been an institution there for the past 50 years.

BRIGOLI has been engaged for the carnival season at the La Scala Theatre. In the meanwhile he is engaged to sing in Nice.

The regular Sunday evening operatic concerts at the Grand Opera House have become exceedingly popular, as they deserve to be.

At the Olympic, the popular Opera Bouffe was brought out, with the fascinating Mlle. Aimée as *Drogan*, and Gabel, the original *Pic*.

MR. S. B. MILLS and Dr. Leopold Damrosch are to give four *soirées* at Steinway Hall on November 21st, December 5th and 19th, and January 2d.

M. AMBROSE THOMAS is working on a new opera, "Françoise de Rimini." The libretto is taken from a poem by MM. Michel Carré and Jules Barbier.

MR. SHIEL BARRY's *Cassidy*, in "Jessie Brown," at Booth's, is a very fine piece of acting, and approaches in excellence that of Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault.

The Lydia Thompson troupe were last week at the Boston Globe, Miss Susan Denin was at the National Theatre, and Mr. Chanfrau was at the Boston Theatre.

Two admirable performances, under the management of Mr. Daly, took place, October 24th, in the afternoon and evening, for the benefit of the Catholic Orphan Asylum of New York.

OCTOBER 28th, Edmund Yates, the English novelist, gave, in a lecture at Steinway Hall, entitled "Princes of the Pen," interesting personal reminiscences of a host of literary celebrities.

MISS CLARA DORIA, late of the Parepa-Rosa Company, who made such a favorable impression last season, is singing in Italian opera at the Academy of Music. The management have done well in securing this lady.

MR. SOTHERN has been playing with immense success at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as *Garrick*, *Lord Dundreary*, and *Brother Sam*, receiving much applause in each character. He is coming next week to New York.

"ROI CAROTTE" has the good fortune of being produced with the most excellent cast and chorus which have ever been engaged in any one spectacular piece. There are actors who have singly formed all the attraction at first-class theatres.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

GOVERNOR HOFFMAN is making a splendid canvass in the western part of the State.

HON. FERNANDO WOOD has been renominated for Congress by the Liberals and Democrats.

GOVERNOR HENDRICKS, of Indiana, is campaigning through Illinois, making most acceptable speeches.

COLONEL CHARLES STANTON, of Warren County, N. J., heretofore an active Grant man, has announced his preference for Greeley and Brown.

HON. JAMES BROOKS convicts U. S. Grant of the crime of using the people's money in Wall Street for purposes of speculation in stocks and gold.

HON. ANDREW H. H. DAWSON, of New York, is giving his time to the cause of Greeley and Brown in the State of New Jersey for the remainder of the canvass.

GENERAL HAWLEY, of Connecticut, is running for Congress on his military record. His political record is too inconsistent to afford him strength with the people.

EX-GOVERNOR SEYMOUR has been making some excellent campaign speeches in the central part of the State, and is welcomed by the people with the greatest enthusiasm.

HON. GEORGE H. PENDLETON, of Ohio, recently made a great speech for Greeley and Brown, in Chicago. He predicted that Ohio would give her vote for those candidates in November.

THE employés of the Government at Washington have evacuated the place, and have gone home to their several States to vote under orders, neglecting the current business of the departments.

ABRAHAM R. LAWRENCE, the vigorous young candidate of the Liberals and Democrats for Mayor of New York, is making a lively canvass. He makes an able speech, and will make a good Mayor.

COLONEL McCURE and the Liberal State Committee of Pennsylvania are out with a ringing appeal to electors of that State to stand firm to the last, assuring them that a Liberal victory is within reach.

MR. JAMES BRICE, of Albany, nominated on the Temperance ticket for Presidential Elector, refuses to allow his name to be used in any manner against the "Liberal" movement. He urges his friends to vote for Mr. Greeley.

GOVERNOR HENDRICKS writes to Mr. Schell, Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, that "the Democrats and Liberal Republicans are earnestly at work, and from present appearances I am at liberty to say that Mr. Greeley will carry the State by a good majority."

THE World thinks that all of Havemeyer's professions for reform are neutralized by the fact that the Convention, so called, which nominated him, "was presided over by such a man as Tom Murphy." "It stamps the whole proceedings as a fraud in the estimation of honest men."

HON. LUTHER GORDON is the Liberal and Democratic nominee for Congress in the Rochester District of this State. He is an honest business man, popular with the people, fully comprehends public affairs, and possesses the ability requisite to the performance of Congressional duties.

ANNA E. DICKINSON's address, entitled "In the War Ended," delivered at Cooper Institute on Friday, October 25th, is filled with wholesome advice to such war-making women as Mrs. Carly Stanton, Mrs. Wendell Phillips, Mrs. Hooker, Miss Anthony, and all the rest of the Grant followers.

MORTON's chances for a re-election to the United States Senate are not surely secured by the recent election. It only requires that four Republicans, members of the Legislature, may be found who will name an honest Republican, and the Opposition will waive party preferences, and vote for him.

MAJOR-GENERAL H. W. SLOCUM declines the nomination tendered him as a member of the Assembly by the Liberals and Democrats, on the ground that, if elected, he would have to resign his seat in Congress, which, he thinks, no Liberal or Democrat should do in the present state of public affairs.

WILLIAM T. ASHMAN, Esq., President of the Liberal Association of the Tenth Assembly District, has been nominated for Alderman. Mr. Ashman is one of the enterprising wholesale fruit merchants in Fulton Market. He is an able politician, an old Republican, and will make an excellent Liberal Alderman.

EX-UNITED STATES SENATOR GENERAL JOSEPH LANE, of Oregon, is doing a good work for the Liberal movement in that State. He writes to a friend as follows: "I have not conversed with a friend since I left Douglas County who is not for Greeley; and, so far as I know, all the Democrats in this (Coos) county will vote the Greeley ticket."

ALONZO B. CORNELL, Surveyor of the Port of New York, but a citizen of Ithaca, has been nominated in the Eleventh District in this city as a candidate for the Assembly. This attempt to "carpetbag" the above-named district will be prevented by Colonel Frederick A. Seaver, a War Democrat during the Rebellion, and the nominee of the Liberals and Democrats.

HON. JAMES BROOKS, M. C., in a speech, a few days since, in New Haven, Conn., made a searching financial exhibit of Grant's gold and stock operations in Wall Street, showing that he did it in collusion with two New York bankers and brokers, who operated on the information on Friday and Saturday, the 4th and 5th of October, and kept the fact a secret until Monday, the 7th.

THE conduct of the State Department deserves the prompt censure of Congress for issuing to Consul-General Butler authority equivalent to an order of escape from Egypt, after he had so grossly abused the generous confidence of the Khédive, and violated alike the criminal laws of Egypt, the Consular laws of the United States, and the law of nations, and finally rendered himself infamous before the civilized world by consenting to become "a tyrant's vile stipendiary."

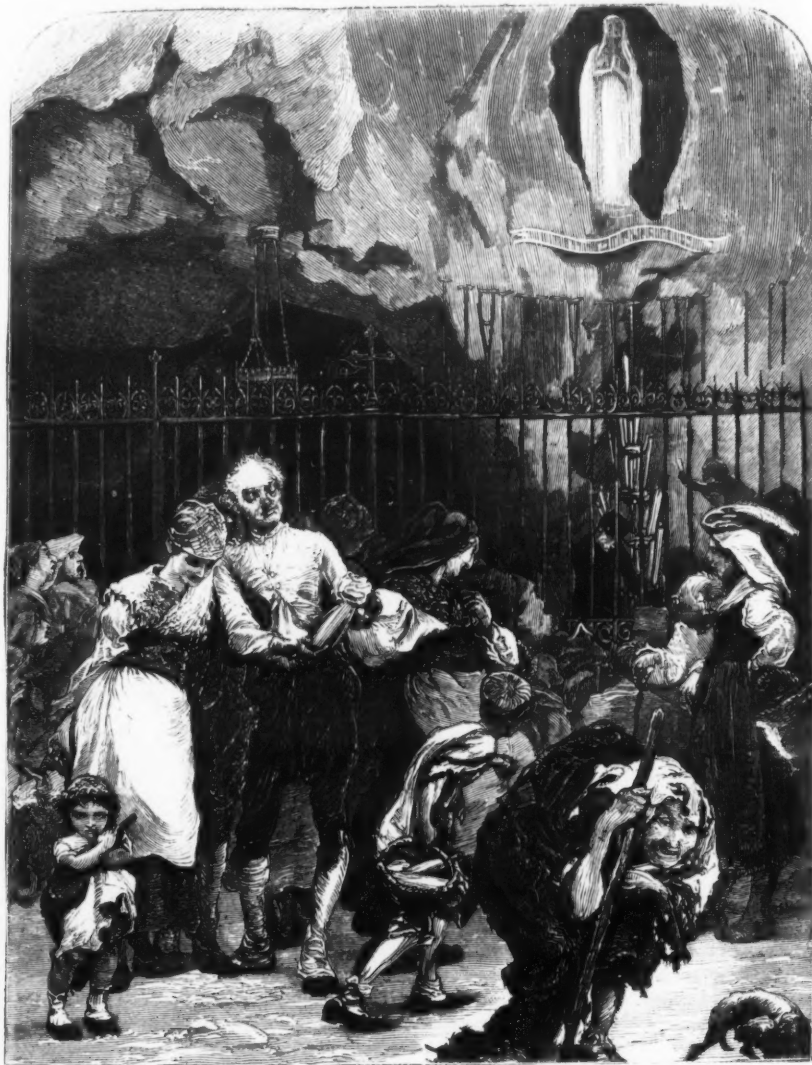
HENRY L. DAWES, the leader of the present House of Representatives, said, on the floor of Congress, in 1862, that Simon Cameron, when Secretary of War, was "untruthful and a corruptionist." Mr. E. B. Washburne, now United States Minister to France, at the same time denounced Roscoe Conkling, in debate in the House, charging him with making "an infamous and base" attack upon a Committee of the House, to shield Cameron. The Committee reported a resolution of censure against Cameron for expending the public money in a manner injurious to the public service, and it passed the House by an overwhelming vote.

GENERAL BANKS is making a lively canvass in his district, in Massachusetts. Wherever he goes, the people turn out every night with music and banners, and escort him to the place of meeting. The Grant party, true to its standard of morals, have nominated one Gooch, "brief lawyer," to run against Banks. He was in Congress with John R. Allen and Oakes Ames long enough to learn the lobby science of "Addition, Division and Silence," so successfully practiced in Pennsylvania. After the refusal of the people to re-elect him, Gooch spent most of his time since, during the sessions, in the Capitol at Washington, in claim business, and like other ex-Congressmen who adopted lobby business as a profession, he made use of his privilege to go upon the floor of the two Houses, where he could more easily ply his trade.

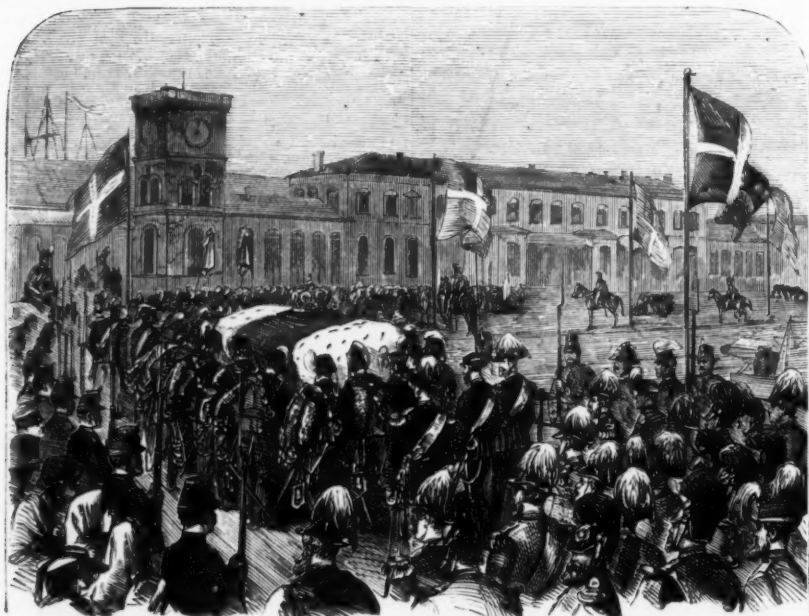
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 135.



IRELAND.—THE MAYOR OF LIMERICK WEDDING THE SHANNON.



FRANCE.—PILGRIMS AT THE GROTTO OF LOURDES IN THE PYRÉNÉES.



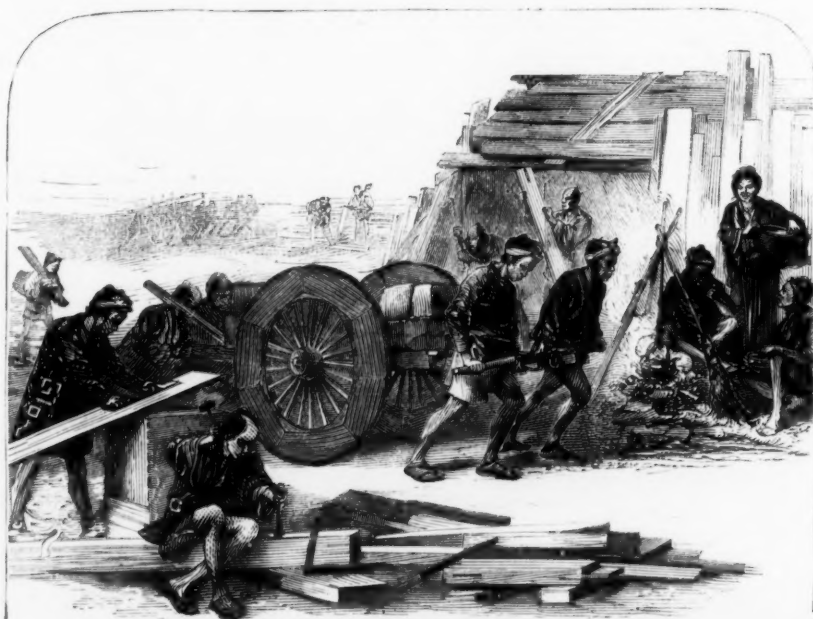
SWEDEN.—THE BODY OF KING CHARLES XV. BEING CONVEYED TO THE DEPOT OF MALMÖ.



ENGLAND.—THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF TECK'S VISIT TO SOUTHPORT—THE TRAMWAY ON THE PIER.



FRANCE.—HOLIDAY AMUSEMENTS OF THE PARISIANS AT BOUGIVAL.



JAPAN.—A GROUP OF JAPANESE WORKMEN.



NEW YORK CITY.—SCENE AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SOCIÉTÉ ALSACIENNE-LORENAISE IN SPRING STREET—EXILES SEEKING EMPLOYMENT.—SEE PAGE 140.

HON. N. P. BANKS, M. C.,
OF MASSACHUSETTS.

PROMINENT in the councils of the nation is Nathaniel Prentice Banks, Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Affairs of the United States House, where he represents the Fifth District of Massachusetts. He was born in Waltham, Mass., January 30th, 1816. His early life was a struggle through poverty to obtain his schooling, and is a story that ought to become a lesson of example in schoolbooks for good boys to read. Suffice it to say that he acquired a fair education, but he never completed it. He never will, as long as there are books of history, of discovery, of invention, biography, arts and science, upon which he can lay hands. To this day, when fifty-six years of age, he is a great student. He reads French, German and Spanish, and speaks French. After struggling into manhood by means of hard earnings in a machine-shop in his native town, he took to writing for a newspaper, and at a very early age became editorial writer for one of the Boston papers, and afterward was editor-in-chief of a journal published at Woburn, a small town adjoining Waltham. While thus engaged in journalism, he studied law and practiced in Boston. He was a noble-looking young man, and always possessed that same fine voice which continues to him to this day, and with which he has held so many thousands entranced. Hence, he was sought for at political meetings very early in his career, and became popular among the people, but, being a Democrat, was a candidate in a town where he was beaten at several elections. He, however, early adopted Sumner's advice to Stanton in a later period of the Republic, to "stick;" and he did so, for in 1849 he was triumphantly elected to the popular House of the Massachusetts Legislature. He was chosen again in 1850, and also for the years 1851 and 1852. In 1851, under the Coalition, he was elected Speaker of the House, and in this position first displayed his wonderful capacity for handling a great deliberative body with the weapons of parliamentary law, of which he has a perfect knowledge. In 1853, he was elected President of the Convention to Revise the Constitution—a body composed of the most prominent scholars, publicists, jurists and statesmen in the State. It was a compli-



HON. NATHANIEL P. BANKS, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

ment to the machinist of Waltham, and one which was not only appreciated by the recipient, but even the most doubting of those learned men, who sat ninety days deliberating and debating upon the theory of government, conceded the honor to be most worthily bestowed. The duties of the Chair were never performed with greater impartiality, with more dignity or gracious courtesy.

In 1854 he was elected to the Thirty-fourth Congress, which assembled in December of the next year. Mr. Banks's reputation as presiding officer had become so well-known, that it was determined by the combined "Anti-Nebraska" forces in the House to run him as Speaker. For over two months the contest raged, when he was declared elected. The bitterness of the opposition was very great, and the duties of the Chair occasionally required the application of the severest rules. So impartially, however, did he discharge the duties of the Chair, that a vote of thanks was tendered him on motion of one of his most bitter opponents.

He was re-elected in 1856 to the Thirty-fifth Congress, and also at the same election was elevated by the people of Massachusetts to the position of Governor. He took his seat in the Thirty-fifth Congress, and served through the month of December, and then resigned to return to Massachusetts, where, in the following January, he was inaugurated Governor. He held that office until 1860, performing all its duties to the infinite satisfaction of the people of that Commonwealth. In 1860 he intended to enter into business in the land department of the Illinois Central Railroad, but public events were portentous of evil. Mr. Banks took an active part in the campaign which elected Mr. Lincoln, and then visited Chicago, where he temporarily remained in the land department of the company referred to until Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated and the war of the Rebellion precipitated, when he proceeded immediately to Washington and offered his services to the Government. They were at once accepted; he was commissioned Major-General of Volunteers, and given a command.

It is not the purpose of the writer to discuss General Banks's war record. There were certain military men in the service during the war of the Rebellion who received great

injustice at the hands of a class of officials, their superiors, because they were denominated as generals holding their positions by political influence. In other words, they were not educated at West Point. General Banks was one who suffered from the prejudice. This is not the time to discuss that question, but when the record is revealed, which will not be long hence, we shall have a few interesting chapters of the war, yet unwritten, if the records are not all stolen.

After the war was over he was welcomed back into the bosom of his old district, and the people elected him as their Representative to Congress, and have kept him there ever since. Cognizant of the weakness and corruption of the present Administration, and knowing the great necessity of a change, General Banks, with a host of the ablest men in the country, promptly announced himself with the Liberal cause. The Liberals and Democrats of his district have placed him in nomination as their candidate for re-election, and, not only without a stain or charge of corruption or of incapacity against him, but with a record as honorable as can be found in Congressional history since the foundation of the Government, he will, as the peerless Representative of the Bunker Hill District, triumphantly return to his seat in the Forty-third Congress.

THE LOST FLOWER.

ONCE in far-distant fields of purple bloom,
When evening fell, I found a flower alone;
Alone I left it in night's growing gloom:
White morning held the hills, and it was gone.
Who knows, in all these days which wax and wane,
If I may find so fair a flower again?

No flower so fair, though other flowers be fair,
Hid in the valley, flaunting on the mead;
For me none other grace grows anywhere,
And none the grace I loved so now may heed:
Culled haply by hot hand, by careless eye
Admired a little space, then left to die:

An idle sport some sultry noontide through,
Had I but known—ah, vain, vain words of woe!
Then when, ah, fool! I left it where it grew,
Low in the grass, I had not left it low.
And I had not been left, from hour to hour,
To mourn my first, last love, my life's lost flower.

Dead night before me lies, full day behind,
Dark Winter come, and all June roses blown.
"Thou pilgrim swallow! winning the wind,
Hold fast thy Summer," thus I make my moan,
"My only Summer is long Winter's gloom,
Who found and lost, ah, fool! that one fair bloom."

HARD LUCK.

BY
C. SHACKELFORD.

CHAPTER XL.—CUTTING HARD KNOTS.

IT was a handsome, marble-front dwelling, with steps running down to the pavement, according to the fashion. Before the door was opened, I glanced through the low French window into a room with paintings and statues and rich furniture, evident proof of wealth and good taste. I thought for an instant that I had made a mistake, not dreaming Arthur would have deserted the ease and happiness of such a home for a rough existence in a country town. But the name "Flynt" was on the silver-plated shield of the door, which swung back while I stood staring at it.

"Is Mrs. Flynt at home?" I asked.
"Sure an' I'm a new girl, as dunno when she goes in an' when she goes out. But I'll see."
She left me on the doorstep while she made the inquiry, and returned with the information that Mrs. Flynt was down-town shopping, and "would I call again?" Leaving my card and the note from Arthur, I assured her I would do so in a day or two, and departed.

The staid, handsome horse was jogging along as demurely as a Quaker, and I was lost in reveries about Arthur, Miss Primrose, Mr. Penn and myself, when suddenly I became conscious that a clear, small voice was shouting out these words:

"I say! Here, you! Look here! Hold up!"
Glancing around, I beheld skipping along the walk a little girl, in a dirty, ragged plaid dress fringed with tatters, an old shawl over her head, her feet covered with a pair of wrecked shoes, and her stockings down by the legs—a most abject specimen of bitter poverty, permitted to run at large in a fashionable quarter, probably to the disgust of its inhabitants.

Not having the slightest suspicion that the exclamations uttered had come from this animated rag-bag, I allowed the horse to maintain his sober pace, and turned my eyes to the way of my journey without further thought of the interruption to my meditations.

"Are you going to stop?" cried the same voice, suddenly, just behind the vehicle. "I'm surprised at you!"

Turning my face in the direction of the voice, I saw running easily along by one of the hind wheels the same miserable-looking child who had been visible on the sidewalk, and who was now busy in keeping her shawl from tumbling down over her face, and her stockings from rolling down over her feet and swallowing her gaiters.

"I don't think you treat me very friendly," scolded the child, as soon as I had stopped, and she had thrown back the shawl, pulled up the hose legs and taken in breath. "Are you mad at me for not recognizing you when you went up the steps of that fine house and I was on 't'other side of the street? What! Don't you know me? Then, my face must be awfully dirty!"

It was almost covered with dust, and her eyes were wild and large. I drew up the steed, and looked upon her with the utmost astonishment, as she approached.

"You must excuse my fashionable garments," she said, spreading out her toes so as to show the filigree-work of holes. "I am not going to any parties this evening. Well! now, why don't you speak to me? Tell me something—that you are glad or sorry to see me!"

"Honestly, I don't know you—you odd chicken!" I said, with a laugh.

"There! I knew it. There has been a change. I'm what is called 'in reduced circumstances.' What! not a tear yet? Well, I feel mine coming, to think you've forgotten your little Elsie, if she is dirty and deserted, and hungry. Good-by, sir."

A big sob came into her throat as she turned away, with her head down.

But this utterance of her name was enough. I knew her then; and, dropping the reins, I swooped down upon her with my two arms, and swung her into the seat beside me. Looking into my face with her eyes full of tears, she said:

"That does my heart good, Mr. Goldant. It's better than a hot meal. You're just as good as ever," putting a dirty little hand on my arm, with a tender, confiding touch.

"Elsie," I began, giving the horse a cut, "what does this mean—dressed like a miserable beggar-child, and so dirty and thin? Are you hungry?"

"I was till I saw you. Haven't had a mouthful since yesterday. La! I don't mind anything now, I'm so happy to see you. It did seem, though, as if you'd never stop."

She nestled up a little closer, and slyly tried to rub the dirt from her face with her shawl.

"Nothing to eat since yesterday!" I groaned, and hit the nag a whack that surprised him, for he immediately began to walk on his fore-legs with his hind ones in the air, then trotted most lively down the street, until I reined him up before a baker's shop, where I got some hot buns for Elsie to munch until she could get a regular dinner.

"This is real good in you, Mr. Ralph!" she exclaimed, greedily devouring the cakes as we drove along, and looking up shyly into my face. "You must tell me now, child, what all this means," touching her rags, "and why you are roaming the streets in this way, when you should be at home."

"Home! Home! Mr. Goldant, I have no home. They deserted me a month ago!"

"No home! Deserted you a month ago! What do you mean?" I exclaimed, in the utmost astonishment.

"I always mean what I say, don't I? I like to be understood, too. I say again they ran away from me. By 'they,' I mean Dr. and Mrs. Winkle. I went to sleep at night as happy as any hard-worked little girl. I waked up in the morning, and found that they had gone—no one knew where. The folks where I was said they hadn't any use for me, and I had better go out and look for work. I did look for work, but nobody wanted such a little thing as I am; and after I had tramped around all day, and came back that night, they wouldn't let me in. I slept in a barn. I haven't slept in a bed since then, Mr. Goldant, nor had anything to eat since except what I have begged at the back doors. They all thought I was a regular beggar, or a little thief. Ah! that cut, I tell you."

The big brown eyes began to fill with tears again. But almost immediately she brightened up, and smiling at me, said:

"This makes up for it all, don't it? I know you'll take care of me now," putting her hand on my arm in a trustful way that went straight to my heart.

"Take care of you? I guess I will. As long as I have a cent you shall not want. I am astonished, grieved, that you should be in this miserable condition."

"Are you, really? I thought you might help me a little—get me some place to work in, perhaps—but I didn't think you'd ever feel so bad. I've had a hard time ever since that man Gest died. And when I met you that night on the cars—don't you remember—that made me feel awful. To pretend you didn't know me!"

"That was a friend of mine, child, who resembles me."

"Oh, is that it? How mad Mrs. Winkle was!" and the little thing trilled one of her old-time laughs as she recalled the circumstance. "She talked to herself after she got out of the cars, and called you all sorts of terrible names. But I laughed every time I thought how cool you took everything—that is, I mean how cool the other man did, now that it wasn't you! Then, didn't I get shook up! You see, she must let off on somebody, and I was the only one handy."

"I should have thought Mrs. Winkle would have been like a mother to such a wee thing as you are. You were a good little girl, I thought."

"I ain't so sure about that. But there was one funny thing about Mrs. Winkle. 'Fore she married that doctor she always called me her daughter, and her Elsie, and her own little girl; but afterward—well! you know how it was, though you didn't know half. I don't believe I'm dopted. I'm real. Now!" And she began to kick the dashboard quite vigorously with her dilapidated gaiters.

That brief assertion set me to meditating upon certain incidents in my acquaintance with the lady in question which had a tendency to confirm the suspicion expressed by the child.

I suppose I must have lost myself in this brown study, for Elsie suddenly gave me a smart nudge, and said:

"Is this a free ride, Mr. Goldant?"

"Of course. Why?"

"I didn't know but you might be going somewhere."

"So I am. Good gracious! I'm way past the store." And I turned the beast around quickly, greatly amused at my absence of mind, and wondering if Mr. and Mrs. Penn had seen me with my charge.

"So you're back again at the store, are you?" said Elsie.

"Yes. I came back this morning. The trouble is over, so far as I'm concerned."

"Is it? I'm glad for you; but the doctor has enough yet on hand."

"And Pauline! Where is she, Elsie?"

"She married some little fellow down in Canada, where they all were. I was left behind, and didn't see him or her. But the doctor told me all about it afterward. Well, she was a poor coot, anyhow. She wanted winding up every day, and I had to do it. My! how small her waist was! Ain't this the place? There's a lady waiting on the walk."

Sure enough! Mrs. Penn stood there, shaking her handkerchief to catch my attention.

"I guess you forgot where you were going," she said, with a genial laugh. "When you went down the street I tried to stop you, but it was of no use. The little girl must have her ride, you good-hearted boy!"

I tied the horse, told Elsie to remain in the buggy, and asked Mrs. Penn to step into the store so that we might see her husband, as I wanted a favor from both of them.

Once hidden from observation in the office, I told the story of poor Elsie, from the evening I first saw her down to that hour.

"Poor little thing!" said Mrs. Penn, sympathetically.

"A most shameful outrage!" said her husband, shortly. "What do you propose to do with her, Ralph?"

"It may be bold and assuming in me to suggest it, but I thought it would be a good idea for us to adopt Elsie. She's smart, she's good, she's of a very loving nature. She'd make the house ring with music."

"Jacob!"

"Annie!" cried both at once, joyfully.

"Shall we try it?" said the former.

"Let us see her, anyhow," said Annie.

I saw hope in her eyes, and Elsie's home was settled, to my thinking.

I found Elsie where I had left her, sitting demurely in the carriage, with the reins in her hands, and pleasure sparkling in her eyes.

"See here, Elsie," I said, getting into the seat beside her, "I've found a new father and mother for you."

"You've found what, Mr. Goldant?" she cried, catching my hand and looking up at me in a frightened way. But when I repeated the information, she, to my surprise, began to cry, as if her heart would break.

"What makes you cry, child? Is the news good or bad? Don't you want to go to this new home?"

"I cry because I am so happy; 'cause I'm so glad I can't tell it, but cry it. You'd feel so, too, if you had lived as I have lived."

I soothed her grief the best I could, drying her eyes and wiping her little dirty face, now sadly streaked by her tears, telling her all the time that she must cheer up, and try to behave her prettiest, as her new mother was waiting to see her in the store.

"Was that the lady I saw on the walk?" said she, brightening up, and now giving only a faint sob or two.

When I said it was, she signified her willingness to go in, because she knew she'd like her. Suddenly, as she stood on the wheel, poised for a spring, she drew back, and cried, abruptly:

"Mr. Ralph, I ain't fit!" and she glanced sorrowfully down at her ragged dress.

"Never mind, Elsie! Your new mother will not care for that. It's you she wants, and not your dress."

"I should think not!" and she laughed up into my face as I led her into the store.

"Is this the little girl?" said the pleasant voice of Mrs. Penn, as I advanced with the child. "Why, what a dirty little face it has!" Mrs. Penn continued, as, stooping over her, she gently smoothed back her beautiful hair.

"Don't notice me, ma'am, please," whispered Elsie, drawing a little away from Mrs. Penn. "I'm very much ashamed of my toilet; but when I'm fixed up, I don't look so badly—do I, Mr. Goldant?"

"Indeed you do not, Elsie. I'm sure you'll have Mrs. Penn of the same opinion in less than a week."

"I'll be very good, and try to do anything, if you'll only take me away from the horrible streets."

A shiver ran over her little form, and her big eyes began to fill at the thought of her sufferings.

"You are a regular little woman!" Mrs. Penn declared; "and we'll have splendid times, no doubt. You'll be good company. I'll be bound. Now, let's have your little face washed, and go and see Mr. Penn. He'll spoil you fast enough."

With that she was led into the office, and underwent a most wonderful transformation; for the pretty, bright face that I knew so well, though sadly thin and hollow-eyed, showed to Mrs. Penn what she might become with motherly care and treatment—just the charming, piquant little girl-woman that I knew her to be. Mr. Penn, coming in at that moment, exclaimed:

"Well, well! Is this our little girl? Why, you ain't bigger'n a grasshopper! But your eyes make up for it. Come here, Tiny!"

After Mr. Penn had remarked upon her gaiters, her dress, and general attire, in his humorous, good-natured way, to all of which she gave her sharp, cunning, Elf-like replies, I saw that their hearts were fairly won by her brilliancy, her beauty, and loving nature, and that they were only too ready to lavish upon her money, love, and the attention of which she was so sorely in need.

When Mrs. Penn was ready to start for home, their protégée was as carefully put upon the seat and tenderly guarded as if she were a bit of rare china, while Mr. Penn cautioned his worthy spouse to drive carefully, and not let the horse run away—as if that were a possibility—and deprive him of his new daughter.

I found Elsie that night dressed in the sweetest of white gossams, with blue ribbons, romping

gayly in the yard with a dog three times her size, and waiting for our appearance.

"I'm to do just as I please!" she whispered to me, "and to enjoy life, only I mustn't slide down the banisters—must I, Mr. Goldant?"

I assured her that I didn't think that would be proper now, as she must grow up to be a fine young lady.

"No, I shan't! I shall never grow—I know I never shall!" and with this prophecy, which seemed to trouble her not a little, she demurely followed us into the house.

CHAPTER XLII.—YES OR NO.

THE ten days that followed my return to Lakeville and Jacob Penn were days of idleness.

"Take a vacation!" commanded Penn. "We ain't ready for you yet. You've worked hard for years, and had a tough time of living, generally. We're taking an inventory, and don't want you around, you know."

I passed a good portion of the time in driving around the city with Elsie and Mrs. Penn. The child was every hour endearing herself to her new protectors by her quaint, quick speeches and ways, and her tireless efforts to please them. She seemed as happy as the day was long, and thanked me over and over again for getting her such a nice home.

My own mind, meantime, was not quite at ease, although this vacation was a very pleasant one. I must own that very often a desire to see Miss Primrose, and know to a certainty her feelings toward me, was often strong upon me. I was still of the belief that she was pledged to Arthur, and so I had left her with only formal and ceremonious words of regret. Many times I upbraided myself for not having settled those very doubts when I had the opportunity.

Another matter worried me a great deal—I had not heard from Mr. Flynt. Whether Flimkin were really alive or dead, or whether Arthur had been compelled to succumb to a second attack by the captain, were affairs in which I felt a deep interest.

An hour or so before my departure for Lakeville, I had written a letter to Arthur, stating that his services were no longer necessary, and asked him to write to me, care of Verity & Co., how he was getting along, and if he wanted anything. Yet, for ten days not a word had come. To be sure, my letter had been addressed to him at Yule, and there was a strong probability that it remained there. To make certain of everything, I sat down on the eleventh day of idleness to write him once more. By an odd sort of coincidence, I was just signing my name, when a boy brought me in this telegram:

"CHESTER, June 6th, 1866.

"RALPH GOLDANT, Care of Verity & Co., 251 Brook Street, Lakeville—Come as soon as possible. I have made a wonderful discovery."

"ARTHUR FLYNT."

I showed this to Mr. Penn.

"Go at once!" he said; "evidently he needs you urgently. If you want further assistance, send for me. But don't be gone longer than you can help, for I have some business to do with you afterward."

"He has found out something about Flimkin or me, I suppose, that has turned him upside down," I said, meditatively.

"Well! go to him at any rate, if he wants you," said Penn.

"Of course I'll go, and to-night."

There were two ways of getting to Chester—one, by a direct line of railroad; the other, by making connection with another road at the town where Miss Primrose lived. For a little time I hesitated as to the choice of roads. Finally I decided to go by the indirect route, make a call—which, perhaps, might be the last—and proceed to my destination by the next train. I resolved, if my heart did not fail me when I got there, to terminate, in this way, the condition of dispiriting uncertainty in which I was living. If Miss Primrose were in love with Arthur Flynt, he lost nothing, and I gained—a certainty for a doubt.

The train reached the town after a wearisome night-ride, and I found myself proceeding, with a vast deal of heart-fluttering, to the house of Miss Primrose, to make a very decidedly unfashionable call.

I was so fortunate as to meet the young lady not fifty feet from her own door, on her way down-town. Her eyes lighted up wonderfully when she saw me, and the color came and went quickly in her cheeks.

"I'm exceedingly glad to see you, Mr. Goldant," she said, when I had joyfully greeted her. Then followed questions as to when I came, where I was going, and if I was to remain in the town long? When I said that my stay was to be only a little over an hour, I noticed, as a favorable augury, that her face instantly became sobered in its expression, and her conversation was less spirited.

"I have only come to see you," I said, boldly. "Is it asking too much to have you return to the house with me?"

"Certainly not, having the compliment of your visit in my mind," and she turned about at once.

"Maybe you'll think me demented before I leave you," I said.

"Well, I've a warning, then," smiling as no one else in the world could smile.

"I am on my way to Chester," I said.

"Ah! Where is Chester, Mr. Goldant?"

When I had answered the question, I continued:

"Have you heard from Mr. Flynt lately?"

"No; you brought me the last word from him."

"Then you do not know of the attempt made to murder him?"

With a white face, and speaking in a quick, whispering voice, she said she had not heard a word of it, and began to ply me with questions.

"I think it strange he has not written you of it, Miss Primrose."

"It would be stranger if he were to write me of it," she responded, with a modest, downward look.

"He was mistaken for me in this attempt," I said, abruptly, hoping, by this stratagem, to at last discover her feelings.

"For you, Mr. Goldant? Are you in such danger as that?" She rose from her chair, and came toward me, thoroughly alarmed, and evidently forgetting herself, for she turned to a stand near by, and put down her hat as if she had risen for that purpose.

"Yes, I am in that danger, it seems, or, rather, I was. If you care to know, I should like to tell you the little story I once promised." She nodded her head, saying: "I shall be glad to have your confidence. My curiosity has not abated since the time you first mentioned there was a mystery."

Seating myself beside her, I told the story as briefly as possible, often interrupted by her exclamations and questions, some of them almost unconsciously uttered. I brought the history down to the night previous, and stopped. There was a minute's silence, during which I studied her lovely face with conflicting emotions.

"Is there any new trouble," said she, "that now takes you away from Lakeville?"

"I trust not. When I reach Chester, I shall know. Yet, I do not feel in the least apprehensive of danger. Is there anything in my life positively disgraceful, Miss Primrose?"

"Not in the least. You have been maliciously persecuted—that is evident."

"Not disgraceful to be a newsboy and boot-black? Don't forget that part."

"I do not forget it. Neither do I forget that you have risen from that life through your own merits and industry."

"Not wholly, Miss Primrose. But I thank you for your good opinion, and it makes me so bold that I am going to tell you another little story—a story that is very personal, very emotional. I took the little soft hand, that was so dear to me, in both my own, and spoke the impassioned words that I had so longed to speak, gazing into the truthful, lovely face, with a hungry gaze, to read my answer. It came at last—the blessed words, the old, old story:

"I love you!"

"Then you were not engaged to Arthur Flint, dear Emma?"

"Oh, no! Arthur thought he loved me at one time, but he became so dissipated that I think even that passion was swallowed up in his appetite for liquor. I regretted his love for me, and told him so long before I saw you. I feared for the worst, but 'all is well that ends well.' It seems you have proved to be his salvation, while I remained powerless to do him good by my sincere interest in and friendship for him. He is really a noble-hearted fellow, and I know his mother will rejoice in his reformation. I rejoice with her."

Need I say the last half-hour of my stay with Emma Primrose was the happiest of my life? The feverish uncertainty, the torture of doubt, were all swept away as if by magic, and there dwelt in my heart such blessed feelings of peace and happiness as come but once in a lifetime, and never afterward are wholly forgotten. With me, this was my first as well as my only love. And now that ripened years have come upon me, and I have, as it were, grown old in the new love, I look reverently back to those first transports of feeling with happiest of thoughts and fondest remembrances.

(To be continued.)

THE MEAT SUPPLY.

THE London papers are looking to Australia and New Zealand, South America and Texas, for an increased supply of meat for the English market. The cartoon in "Punch," years ago, called "very high beef," wherein a poor man was hopelessly looking up at a prodigiously tall ox, told a story of butchered meat being out of the reach of the poorer classes, that is truer to-day than when that comic periodical, which is wise quite as often as it is witty, published it. While meat is so dear in the markets of England, and in those also of the Continent, in Texas, South America and Australia cattle and sheep are killed for their hides and tallow alone, and the carcasses are absolutely unsalable. How to bring these immense and unproductive supplies into the markets where high prices and an increasing and unsatisfied demand guarantee a safe and remunerative return, is one of the unsolved problems of the present day. Many millions of dollars have been expended in various schemes to effect this object, but all have failed, with the exception of a limited trade in Liebig's extracts and Australian canned meats.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.—The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in commenting on the case of a man who had been literally "worried to death," in London, expresses the belief that there is probably no place in the world where downright brutality is so unchecked. In some of the lawless towns of America, the *Pall Mall Gazette* says, there may be more bloodshed, but the knowledge of the fact that a six-shooter or a bowie-knife is ready for production at a moment's notice, prevents much of that ruffianism which disgraces London, and which frequently causes far more misery and free fights in the drinking-saloons of America. The case in question was that of a hawk of cheap goods, who hung himself in consequence of being so tormented and made a butt of, that his life became unbearable. The "youth" of London, it is stated, may pelt people with stones, insult them, assault them, hustle them off the pavement, and conduct themselves like incarnate demons, without fear of any more terrible consequence than a "suitable admonition."

IMPROVEMENTS ON THE NEW JERSEY SOUTHERN RAILROAD.

At a meeting of the stockholders of this road the following directors were chosen: Jay Gould, Walter B. Palmer, John H. Bacon, Jr., C. J. Osborn, Henry H. Martin, John F. Cole, O. W. Joslyn, G. W. Bentley, Ashbel Green, B. Williamson, R. F. Stockton, Warren Leland and John B. Morris. The new management promise to make the road second to none of the great lines running to New York. The steamboats plying between this city and Sandy Hook are to be renovated and improved so that they will make the trip in one hour's time, and only fifteen minutes additional will be required for the trains running in connection with them to reach Long Branch. The road is to be provided with steel rails, and another track to be added, making a double track all the way from Sandy Hook to the Delaware River. A branch road is to be made which will run from Long Branch through Cedar Grove to Shark River, joining the main road again at Farmingdale. The new road, running by way of Red Hook from Jersey City to Long Branch, will be used as a feeder to the New Jersey Southern. The entire country which will be intersected by these lines abounds in fruit and mineral products, and with a market thus opened will rapidly become a thickly populated region. Indeed, all the country between New York and Philadelphia is destined in time to be a garden, and the roads which run through it will profit largely. An effort is also to be made by the new direction to develop the marl deposits of Southern Jersey. Once made this fertilizer accessible to the farmers of New England and Pennsylvania, and this section will be greatly enriched. Mr. Gould and the other directors are local property-holders. Mr. Warren Leland, who is one of the most active of them in developing the business of the road, now makes Long Branch his permanent residence.

PICTORIAL ABSURDITIES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *American Bibliopolist* groups together the following amusing instances of absurd pictures: "In the picture of 'Paradise and Delusion' of our First Parents," says Sir Thomas Browne, in the *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, "the serpent is often described with human visage, not unlike unto Cadmus or his wife in the act of their metamorphosis."

The conceit here spoken of is only one of the many absurdities in pictures of the tempter. But we forget to marvel at such as this, when no less a critic and scholar than Dr. Adam Clarke, in his article on the "Temptation of Eve," gives it seriously as his opinion that the tempter was an ape.

"The Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci has perhaps been more extensively copied than any other painting in existence. Few artists since Da Vinci's day have ever presumed to represent the Last Supper in any different way from that universally received model. In this famous picture, Christ and the Apostles are represented as seated in various attitudes at a long rough table, Christ himself being the central figure on the side opposite the beholder, the Apostles ranged on either hand, and all on the one side and at the end of the table. Waiving this and other inaccuracies, which are sought to be justified by the exigencies of the art in the accomplishment of the artist's purpose of exhibiting the different countenances of the personages assembled at this memorable feast, it can be satisfactorily shown, and is admitted by Biblical critics, that at the Last Supper there was, in point of fact, no sitting at the table whatever. The participants reclined in the Roman fashion, making use of the triclinium.

The picture of "Jephthah Sacrificing his Daughter," as in the case of that of the temptation of Eve, is by no means merely the conceit of the painter. There exists a widespread popular error, growing out of a mistranslation of the original Hebrew, in Judges xl. 31. The correct rendering of the passages, according to the best Hebrew scholars, is, "I will consecrate it to the Lord;" or, "I will offer it for a burnt offering;" that is, "if it be a thing fit for a burnt offering, it shall be made one; if fit for the service of God, it shall be consecrated to him." The commentators consider it erroneous to suppose therefore that Jephthah's daughter was sacrificed; she was consecrated to the service of the Lord, in strict accordance with the true intentment of Jephthah's vow.

Every eye is perhaps familiar with the pictures of John the Baptist clothed in a camel's skin. His raiment was not a camel's skin, but camel's hair. Where the wearing of skin is spoken of in Scripture, the language is plain, as in Gen. iii., "coats of skins."

The many pictures, and Michael Angelo's statue of Moses, in St. Peter's, at Rome, where the leader of the hosts of Israel is represented with horns sprouting upon his head—an error grounded, probably, upon the affinity of the words *karran* and *karan*, the one meaning "a horn," the other "to shine"—the picture of St. Jerome, with a clock hanging up in his study, clocks not having been invented in his time—the picture of Haman hanged on a gibbet, whereas such punishment was then unknown, crucifixion being the method of public execution employed in such cases—that by Pietro Testa, describing Hector dragged by Achilles around the walls of Troy, by means of cords about the ankles, in lieu of the method described by Homer himself—the picture of the bringing of the head of John the Baptist to Herod, seated at the table on the occasion of the feast, in honor of the birthday of the prince, while in the text it is only said that Salome brought the head to her mother, who, according to St. Mark's account, was not in the room at the time—that of our Saviour being placed by Satan upon the highest point, or pinnacle of the Temple, which Jose-

phus described as having been so sharp that birds might not light upon it, while the word used in the text signifies pinna, and was probably applied to some projection outside of the parapet (according to Le Clerc), or a flat roof or portico (according to Rosemuller), from whence our Saviour might easily cast himself down to the ground, without falling on any part of the building—and the three Hebrew children represented naked in the fiery furnace, whereas they were clad in "a loose habit, after the Persian mode, whereby it might be said that their garments did not so much as smell of the fire" (an obviously irrelevant circumstance, if they were naked), are among the pictorial inaccuracies enumerated by Sir Thomas Browne, and are probably familiar to most eyes in the draughts and illustrations copied from the original paintings.

But still more ridiculous mistakes than these have been committed by the brush and pencil. In the gallery of the convent of Jesus, at Lisbon, there is a fine picture of Adam in Paradise, dressed in blue breeches with silver buckles, and Eve in a striped petticoat. In the distance appears a procession of Capuchins bearing the cross.

Bourgoanne notices a painting in Spain, where Abraham is preparing to shoot Isaac with a pistol.

In the Royal Library at Turin is a curious volume containing the "Illad," illustrated by the monks. One of the illustrations represents the burial of Hector, and a train of Benedictines assisting in the funeral ceremony.

Numerous additions might be made to this list. But to quote Mr. Simon Wilkin, "it is only requisite to compare the illustrations which are constantly issuing from the hands of our artists with the work they are intended to illustrate, to be frequently reminded of the proverbial conclusion of the whole matter, 'it is even as pleaseth the painter.'"

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Wedding the Shannon.

Just at the mouth of the River Shannon there is an island called Scatterry, which is considered the boundary of the Mayor's jurisdiction; and every seven years the Mayor proceeds down the river, accompanied by the Corporation and whatever guests he pleases, and shoots an arrow as far as he can throw it, thus signifying the bounds of his jurisdiction as Admiral of the Port. The arrow is usually discharged from the top of the paddle-box of the steamer, whereupon the Corporation give three cheers for the Mayor. When the ceremony is concluded, the vessel turns round and sails up the river again. This interesting ceremony took place on Monday, September 16th.

Pilgrims at the Grotto of Lourdes.

Fifteen years ago the little town of Lourdes on the Gave, in the department of the Upper Pyrenees, was regarded simply as a pleasant halting-place for invalids and pleasure-seekers on their way to the mineral watering-places in the South of France. In 1858 it suddenly became the centre of attraction to devout Roman Catholics throughout the country, and has ever since attracted crowds of devotees from all parts of Roman Catholic Christendom. The object of the pilgrimage is to visit a certain grotto in the Massavielle Rocks. The special sanctity which this grotto has attained is due to a strange vision which is alleged to have appeared to a girl, aged fourteen, named Bernadette Soubirous, the daughter of a poor miller. On the 11th of February, 1858, she was engaged in gathering sticks on the banks of the Gave, when she saw at the entrance to the grotto a vision of the Virgin Mary, who held a short conversation with her. During her walk home she spoke of the appearance to two children who accompanied her. The tale was reported to Bernadette's father and mother, who at first treated the matter with ridicule; but the earnestness of the girl caused them to pay more attention to the matter. The story was diligently circulated among the credulous peasantry of the district, who subsequently for several days in succession flocked in daily increasing numbers to the grotto to watch the child in her ecstatic transports.

Funeral of the King of Sweden.

Charles XV., King of Sweden, died recently at the Port of Malmoe, situated upon the Sum, opposite Copenhagen. His funeral took place there on the 24th of September, from the Prefecture of Police. The coffin was carried to the railroad depot in the arms of officers of the army, between a row of soldiers. Behind them walked the Prince Royal of Denmark, nephew of the deceased King, and the Duke of Dolecarlia, his brother; then came the Dukes William and John of Glücksberg, the King's brothers. The streets along the line of procession were hung with flowers and evergreens. At the depot the coffin was placed on an open car, hung with the trappings of woe, and surmounted with an immense catafalque. Prince Oscar has succeeded to the throne.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck at Southampton.

Their Royal Highnesses, the Prince-Duke and Princess Mary of Teck, on October 9th, visited the pleasant seaside town of Southampton, on the Lancashire coast, to patronize the local public institutions, and to lay the first stone of the Cambridge Hall. They were conducted to the Townhall in an open carriage, drawn by six grays, with a procession of the various trades represented by the artisans of each craft at work, upon a gayly decorated platform, in separate wagons. With this quaint accompaniment, their Highnesses were escorted by a guard of honor, formed of the local artillery and rifle volunteers and yeomanry hussars. Having reached the site of the intended Cambridge Hall, where all was prepared for the ceremony, the Mayor delivered an address inviting the Princess to lay the foundation-stone. She performed this act with her usual grace and kindness of manner, and said a few words expressing her good wishes for the welfare of the town.

Parisian Amusements in Bougival.

The pretty and pleasant suburban village of Bougival, on the banks of the Seine, a few miles north-west of Paris, is a favorite resort of holiday folk upon those festive occasions when the shopkeeping and working classes of the French capital agree to forsake their ordinary toil, during a few hours consecrated to social gaiety, and to indulge in the customary sports of a regular pleasure-fair. Many a cup of strong black coffee, laced with cognac, is taken to

promote digestion; and many a cigar is smoked with a knowing air by the ambitious youths Adolphe, Jules, and Ernest, who treat their female companions, Lisette, Eugénie, and Florine or Fidne, with unlimited ices and conserves. Their choice of pastimes, including the various exercises of skill and athletic prowess, is only embarrassing from its abundance, though some may be rather deterred by the multitude of idle spectators from attempting feats in which they would be likely to fail. The boats, the Tir or shooting-gallery, the dancing-ground, the swings, the merry-go-rounds, the exhibitions of acrobats and jugglers, the performances of brass bands, and other popular diversions, employ the leisure of this Parisian crowd.

Japanese Workmen.

Our illustration represents a group of Japanese workmen engaged in the erection of a dwelling. As will be seen, these native mechanics are their own beasts of burden, and draw the necessary materials to the spot on a kind of rude handcart. The carpenters are busily employed in the various branches of the work, while their repast is being prepared near by, the cooking arrangements being of the most primitive character.

NEWS BREVITIES.

OREGON will soon be added to the list of wool-growing States.

CHARLES SUMNER sails for New York on the 14th of November.

THE Prussian Legislative Diet reassembled at Berlin on the 22d ult.

HARVARD COLLEGE proposes to hold annual examinations for women.

THE Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau will not be repeated until 1880.

HARVARD COLLEGE is to have a new building, styled Wakefield Hall.

THE oil men of Pennsylvania suspended operations until November.

THERE are 53 Good Templar lodges in Alabama, and 4,000 members.

ABBE BAEER, the chaplain of Empress Eugénie, meditates matrimony.

THE reorganization of the German artillery begins on the 1st of November.

THE Austrian Government is encouraging the industry of sculpture in wood.

THE Imperial Library of St. Petersburg adds \$100,000 worth of books yearly.

THE annual meeting of the Maryland Jockey Club was inaugurated on the 22d ult.

THE English Aeronautical Society continue to receive plans for aerial locomotion.

AND now it is the British iron storehouse supply that is ashore at Cape Palmas.

BISMARCK'S cigars cost him \$2.25 a day, and his beer and wine \$4—all for his own use.

MR. STANLEY was dined by the Royal Geographical Society at London on the 22d ult.

THE importation of American books into France, Germany and Russia is increasing.

Boston people are trying to solve the servant-girl problem by importing Swedish girls.

A NEW London club, to be called the St. Bride's, will be opened some time next month.

A PICKET fence is to be constructed around the Oregon Capitol Grounds, at a cost of \$8,000.

PROFESSOR PASQUALIGO is translating the complete works of Shakespeare into Italian prose.

A CHINESE inventor has discovered how to send by telegraph an exact fac simile of a signature.

A BURIED town in Oregon and the hull of a ship in the American Desert are among the latest discoveries.

A LADY about 75 years old lately took the premium for water-color painting at the Des Moines (Ia.) State Fair.

THE Stone of Scone, on which the ancient Kings of Scotland were crowned, is now in Westminster Abbey.

CARMELINA MANGANARO, a Sicilian poetess, only 16 years of age, is attracting attention by her remarkable genius.

THE Grand Duke Alexis tells every American he meets that he will be present at our centennial celebration in 1875.

VON MOLTKE very courteously sent proofs of his Franco-Prussian war book to MacMahon, to be corrected, if need be.

THE Radical candidates have been elected to the Assembly in the departments of Calvados and Indre-et-Loire, France.

A COLONY of about 200 families from Alsace and Lorraine are making preparations to settle in the vicinity of Alexandria, Va.

An instrument has been invented in Germany which will measure with perfect accuracy the heat of the hottest furnace.

It is contemplated to add Alsace and Lorraine to Baden, and then to convert that Grand Duchy into a little kingdom.

THE King and Queen of Portugal visited the American fleet at Cadix recently, and dined with Admiral Alden on his flagship.

SEÑOR MARTOS, Spanish Minister of Justice, announced that a new amnesty bill for recent political offenses would soon be submitted.

THE Emperor William has decided the San Juan Boundary dispute between England and the United States in favor of the latter.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON has declined the English subscriptions to rebuild his house. More than enough has been offered at home.

NELSON writes that she intends to build an elegant residence on her Illinois estate, for summer use, and will live in New York in the winter.

UNTIL the 1st of December there will be open at Bordeaux a poetic competition, in which the bards of all nations are invited to take a hand.

REV. JEAN HENRI MORLE D'ACBIGNÉ, the celebrated Historian of the Reformation, died suddenly on the 21st of October. He was 75 years of age.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING, of England, has prohibited the employment of women singers in the Roman Catholic places of worship within his diocese.

The manufacture of "feather flowers" is a new branch of industry in Florida, and promises to be very remunerative. The flowers are made of the plumage of the white heron, while the leaves are taken from the white paroquet.

THOSE WILL VOTE FOR GREELEY WHO ARE IN FAVOR OF
The Maintenance of Republican Institutions.

PURE AND ABLE STATESMEN AT THE HEAD OF ALL DEPARTMENTS.

Resumption of Specie Payments at an early date.

THE PURITY OF THE BALLOT-BOX.

ONE PRESIDENTIAL TERM.

RECONCILIATION BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH.

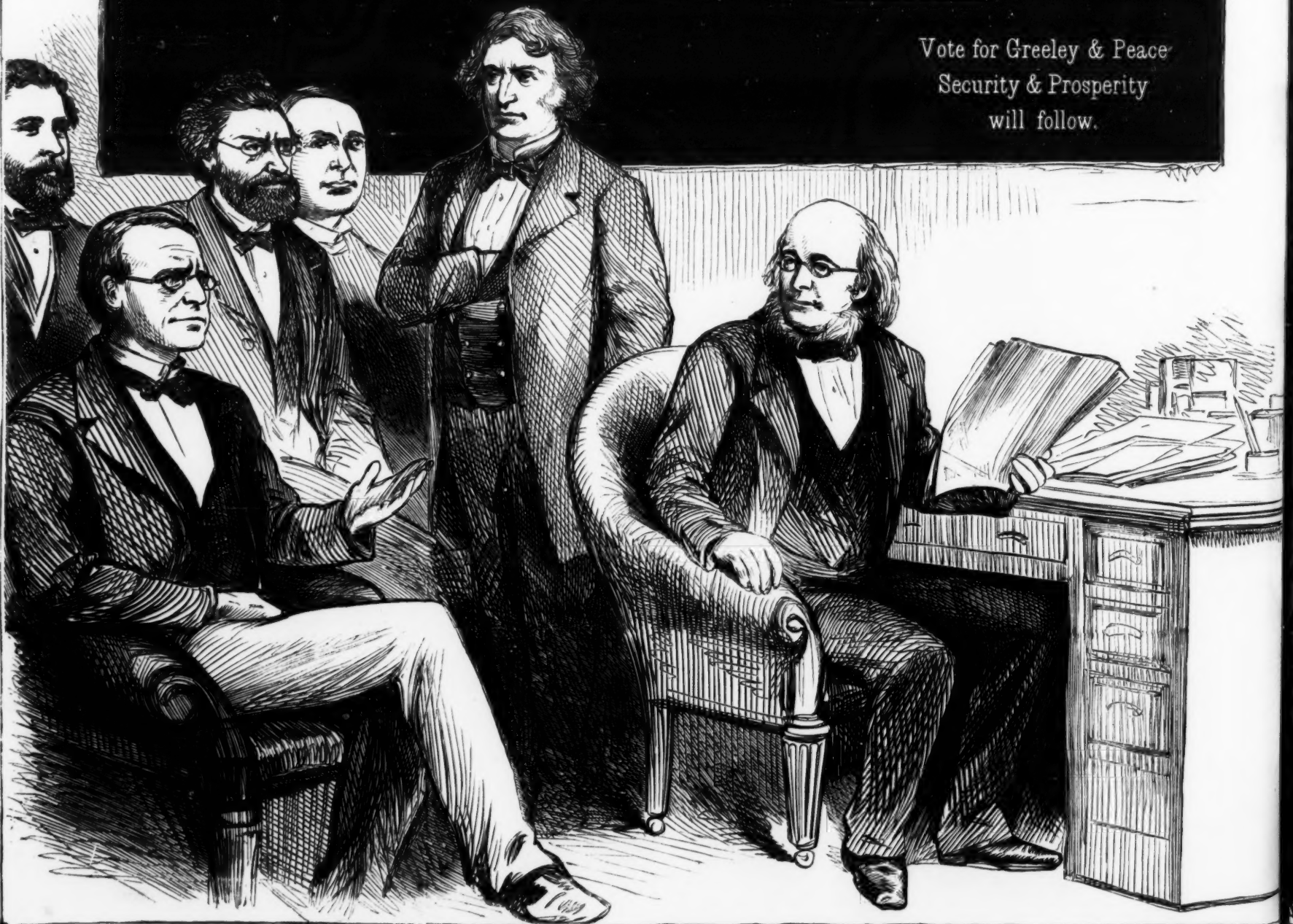
EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL.

Local Government Free from Federal Usurpation.

SUPREMACY OF THE CIVIL OVER THE MILITARY POWER.

ABOLITION OF CORRUPT RINGS AND
MONOPOLIES.

Vote for Greeley & Peace
Security & Prosperity
will follow.



Honest Horace Greeley, surrounded by able and honest Statesmen;

WHICH SE IT BE

THOSE WILL VOTE FOR GRANT WHO ARE IN FAVOR OF
Centralization as Opposed to Local Government

FORCING RE-ELECTION BY FEDERAL POWER.

Using the United States Treasury in Wall Street to Dicker in Gold.

PERSONAL GOVERNMENT FOR THE BENEFIT OF "RINGS."

Converting the Judiciary into a Political Machine.

A PRESIDENTIAL ARMY OF SIXTY THOUSAND OFFICE-HOLDERS.

Taking Gifts in Return for Offices.

PERPETUAL DISCORD BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH.

Military Rule and Martial Law.

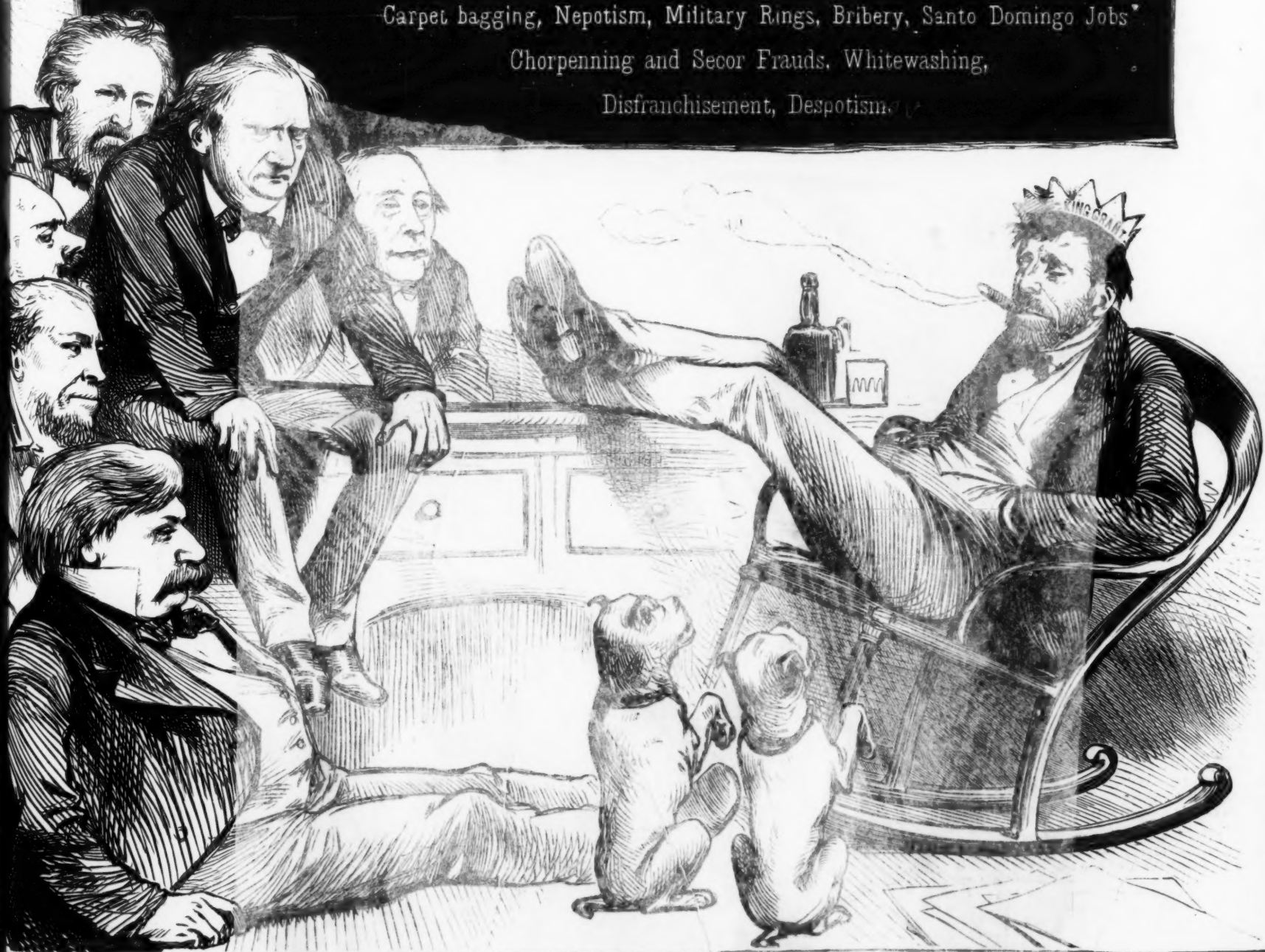
FOSTERING MONOPOLIES AT THE EXPENSE OF LABOR.

Annihilating Free Elections by Fraud.

Carpet bagging, Nepotism, Military Rings, Bribery, Santo Domingo Jobs

Chorpenning and Secor Frauds, Whitewashing,

Disfranchisement, Despotism.



THE OLD LADY SPEAKS OUT.

BY
C. H. FOWLE.

YOU had a meeting, but you, in that miserable old shed, And cheered the Administration, and all the speaker said? Well, I think you acted foolish, and will repent your sin. For Greeley is the people's choice, and surely will go in.

You looked the matter over, and took your share, I see, For your breath is so strong of whisky, it almost poisons me. You think that Honest Horace and the Tribune are misled— Well, you always need to think so when your wits had left your head.

A wise man, when he finds that he is in the wrong, Will always own up quickly, and sing another song. When Honest Horace found the Administration led. He very quickly left their camp, and joined the Liberal side.

I used to read the Tribune, and I love to read it still, And the only ones who stopped it are the Joneses on the hill; For Jones he holds an office in the Custom House at York, His son is tax-collector, and his wife, the village talk.

They used to take but four Tribunes, and now the number's ten, And what is more, the takers are all good honest men. You say that you go in for Grant, and praise him without thinking. Well, your support ain't very firm since you have got to drinking.

You needn't shake your hat at me, and say, "Hurrah for Grant!" For you cannot change my honest views with all your silly rant; I've wintered you and Summered you, and went with you to school; And it makes me awful fidgety to see you act the fool.

Come, go to bed and sleep it off, and then, when you awake, You'll be ashamed, and clearly see the blunder which you make; I'm sure you'll change your mind, and I know you'll do it freely. And when election-day shall come, you'll vote for Horace Greeley!

"WRECKED!"

OR,

THE ROSCERRAS OF MISTREE.

CHAPTER V.—AN INTERVIEW.

GUIDED by Rosetta, Dame Tregar walked stiffly along the winding corridors leading to the apartments of Mrs. Bellerose, and in answer to the girl's gentle tap on the heavy door, a low voice bade them enter, and ushering in the old woman, Rosetta retreated, carefully closing the door behind her.

The chamber, full of rich firelight, and the gentle illumination of the wax tapers on the toilet, formed a pleasing contrast to the gloomy black-draped passages and saloons through which the dame had just passed; and standing on the mat within the door, her quick eye took comprehensive note of the luxurious grandeur of the appointments.

The room had been occupied by each successive Countess of Rosclerra, but through the long period of the orphaned minority of the young lord, whose corpse lay in the room below, Mrs. Bellerose had, during her frequent visits to the castle, occupied the chamber.

Wrapped in a dark cashmere peignoir, Mrs. Bellerose sat in a deep armchair, a little to one side of the glowing fire, not leaning back in her usual graceful, rather queenly manner, but rigidly erect, her long white fingers imbedded in the purple velvet arms, and her face turned half over her shoulder toward the door, just within which stood her visitor. The blonde hair of the lady was unbound, her widow's cap laid aside, and dull red spots burned in the cheeks generally pale and pearly clear. Her eyes had an anxious, startled look, but the fine curves of her lips were firmly set. The struggle of an as yet unseared conscience opposed to an indomitable will was written plainly in every feature, and an expression of disgust crossed her face as Dame Tregar's eye, returning from its tour of inspection, met hers full.

"Come in," said Mrs. Bellerose, in a voice curiously sharp and uncertain. "Our interview must be short; sit down there."

She pointed to a low lounging-chair directly facing her, and advancing rigidly, Dame Tregar seated herself as indicated, throwing back the shrouding hood of her cloak, and clasping her bony hands on her blue-checked apron, while, with her black, icy eye fixed on that of Mrs. Bellerose, she waited for the latter to commence the conversation.

She did not display the least awe of her companion or of her surroundings. Community of guilt bridges over the widest differences in social status, a truth Mrs. Bellerose now for the first time practically tested as her glance turned from the bold, significant gaze of her vis-à-vis, to the ground.

The pride of this gentle-mannered lady was the foundation-stone of her character. She would have sacrificed the lives and happiness of her best beloved one, nay, her own life, to this Moloch, and while she writhed mentally under the sense of the degradation her present course was plunging her into, the self-same passion urged her with an iron hand into the downward path. Her very first words showed how intolerable she found the chains she had begun to shackle her free limbs with.

"I sent for you to-night—a dangerous course—to see if there is any chance of my retracing

the steps I have taken, without risking the discovery that I had engaged in this plot. I am prepared to sacrifice all but total peace of mind to my son's advancement."

She paused abruptly, and raised her dark eyes suddenly to Dame Tregar's face.

"Thou'st a mind to turn back, my lady?" said the old woman, in great surprise; "for why?"

"Woman!" cried Mrs. Bellerose, almost passionately, "must I tell you again that I cannot plant a hell in my own spirit, even to see my son assured master of this old pile? Do you know the Devil's Chaldron? I would throw myself into that frightful abyss, if by my own destruction I could secure that end, but I cannot continue in my present path."

"That's queer," said Dame Tregar, looking with a kind of disdainful curiosity at the violently agitated countenance of Mrs. Bellerose; "and all so safe, too! Why, madame, I see as secret as the grave; thou'st naught to fear, I tell thee."

Seeing how hopeless the attempt would prove to convey to the callous mind of Witch Tregar even a faint idea of the demon of remorse that possessed her, Mrs. Bellerose spoke in a different strain, with an impatient groaning of the spirit.

"I tell you, woman, I do not fear man; but there is a risk I dare not run, that of periling my own soul; and yet to see another in the place of my son, and doom him to obscurity—heavens! I cannot bear the tortures of this struggle within me!"

She sprang from her chair, and paced the long room with rapid steps, surveyed with unforged curiosity by Dame Tregar, to whose mind the idea of hesitating between the good and the evil, if the latter were the more profitable course, had never, during her life of seventy years, occurred. Her contempt was stirred by the weakness of her companion, and a wintry smile of discontent crossed her stern face. As Mrs. Bellerose drew near her again, she rose and laid her long bony fingers on the fair white arm left bare by the wide sleeve of the peignoir.

"Hearken to me, madame," she said, in a low, impressive tone, fixing her piercing eyes on the fevered ones of her companion, "but heed me or no, as thou wilt. She saw and marked you in the left, and her raving has been of ye ever since. Be ye ready to risk her knowing, and crying out against ye, if her eyes be let rest on ye again!"

Mrs. Bellerose drew her arm away as though from the touch of fire, and an inexpressible dismay spread over her set features. She regarded the old woman with a gaze so searching, that the cold, glittering eyes shifted for a second, and then, with an access of triumphant cunning, fixed themselves again on those of Mrs. Bellerose. She spoke once more.

"I'll do your bidding, if it's even to tell me to go and cry out through the castle that the young wife of the dead lord is lying alive at Tregar's Rocks, and the sound of the bells that'll ring in the birth of the heir won't turn me and mine out like beggars on the world, or I'll do your bidding if it's to tell me to keep to our bargain, and do what we 'greed upon.'"

This was the supreme moment. There was a lull in the storm without, and a dead, breathless silence reigned in the vast and gloomy apartment. Mrs. Bellerose stood motionless, and with a countenance nearly as expressionless as that of a corpse. Her soul was the battlefield between the contending powers of good and evil, and such a conflict seldom shows a present sign, though after, when conscience has had time to dart its poisoned barbs, the marks of the fiery hoofs of guilt and passion print themselves searfully on the countenance. In recalling afterward the few moments in which the struggle lasted, it seemed to Mrs. Bellerose that centuries had rolled away—ages in which demons had struggled in a fearful and ghastly silence for her soul, and she, powerless and inert, saw and comprehended.

Then the awful silence was broken by the single melancholy toll of a bell, and what seemed to her highly excited imagination the long, lingering wail of a sorrow so deep, so mysterious and unutterable, that it could only express a high and holy grief for the temptation and fall of an immortal soul.

On her trance the harsh voice of Dame Tregar broke, and raising her eyes by a powerful effort, the spell which had enfolded Mrs. Bellerose was broken.

"The bell has tolled for midnight, and the wind's rising. 'Fram's set upon sein' the torchlight funeral, an' so I'm only waitin' your bidding," said the old woman, drawing her cloak round her spare, upright form. "Is our 'greement to hold good or no?"

"Let all be as was arranged," returned Mrs. Bellerose, with a cold composure of voice and manner which had suddenly come to her, and she laid her hand on the bell-rope, but Dame Tregar interposed.

"Bide a wee," she said, fumbling in her bosom; and drawing out a coin, dimmed with age, she extended it to her companion.

"Here!" she said; "there may be need of messages between us, and this ye can send as a token to me that it's your own words that are before me. Now, give me something ye'll know again, that can serve the same turn wi' yerself."

Mrs. Bellerose listlessly took the coin, a Mexican one, of considerable antiquity, from the horny palm of her confederate; and drawing a ring of peculiar design from her finger, gave it to the old woman, who examined it minutely, and thrust it into a dirty leather purse she produced for the purpose.

"Now I'm ready," she said, securing the hood of her cloak over her grizzled but neatly arranged locks. "Eh! but it's an awful wind that's rising."

Mrs. Bellerose now rang the bell, and Rosetta appeared, her pink cheeks flushed crimson, and a wrathful fire in her bright eyes.

"Good-night, dame," said Mrs. Bellerose.

"Believe me, that Lord Rosclerra and myself are deeply grateful for your aid on the late sad occasion, and if ever you are in want, be sure you have friends at Mistree."

"I'm not like to want in my old age. I'm thinking of sitting to the South of England, where I've friends," said the old woman, preparing to depart; "but I'll not forget your kind promise, madame."

"Good-night, dame. Rosetta, see that this woman and her son have refreshments before they leave."

And with a stiff courtesy, the dame left the apartment, under the guidance of Rosetta.

The die was cast, and throwing herself in utter abandonment of despair on a couch, Mrs. Bellerose gave herself up a prey to that remorse which should never, during her life, die within her bosom.

Presently the castle-bell began to toll at regular intervals, the sound of each melancholy peal torn by the rising wind into shreds and broken tones of sound; through the half-drawn curtains shading the windows fitful flashes of crimson light entered, and threw sanguine and fantastic reflections on the tapestried walls. At first Mrs. Bellerose shudderingly pressed her face against the yielding pillow on which she lay, as though to exclude the sights and sounds that broke in on her retirement; but at length, impelled to her feet by a feeling she could not account for or resist, she rose from the sofa, and, approaching a window, drew back the heavy drapery of faded purple and looked out.

The window overlooked the great courtyard, which again, as on the night of the opening of our tale, was full of people. Every man bore a large torch, and was shrouded in a pall-like cloak, and all were being arranged into a kind of rude procession by persons appointed for the purpose. There reigned a complete silence over the scene, and the roaring of the wind and loud calling of the breakers, mingled with the deep, sonorous tolling of the bell, and the flaring, uncertain light of the torches, gave an unearthly and almost appalling character to the scene.

Mrs. Bellerose leant shudderingly against the window-pane, and, despite herself, felt compelled to examine the minutest details of what was passing beneath.

Presently all was arranged, and a flood of additional light illuminated the courtyard as the great doors of the castle were flung open, and the coffin was carried out under a pall of purple velvet, emblazoned with the arms of the house in scarlet and gold, and closely followed by the chief mourners. There was little of the upholstery of woe about this midnight pageant, but glittering on the coffin, according to the immemorial custom of the house, lay the dead peer's coronet, the jeweled band of the most noble Order of the Garter, and above all, the sword which had more than once been drawn in defense of his country.

The coffin was slowly lifted to its place on the brawny shoulders of four of the men of Rosclerra, and with the silence of the figures in a dream-pageant, the procession swept out of the courtyard, and the moment it appeared beyond the gates, the bell of the Rosclerra church, on a neighboring height, threw back an echoing toll to the slowly swinging bell of the castle.

As the reflection of the torches faded from the walls of her apartment, the tension of her nerves suddenly gave way, and, with a fluttering sigh, Mrs. Bellerose fell fainting to the ground.

Rosetta, on closing the door of the room, turned a very ungracious glance on her gaunt companion, who, however, appeared too much wrapped up in her own thoughts to heed the anger of the pretty waiting-maid, and stalked along by her side in complete silence, as they wound their way through dimly lighted corridors, hung with black, back to the apartments in which they had left Fram.

The room was now a scene of subdued bustle, for the funeral was about setting forth, and glancing round, Dame Tregar perceived her ill-favored grandson crouched on an oaken bench, his bony knees drawn up to his chin, and one muscular hand pressed over his left eye.

He was groaning to himself, but in the general confusion, was quite unnoticed.

"What's the matter wi' ye?" said his grandmother, in a hoarse whisper, as she strode to his side.

"Fram raised his head, revealing a much-swollen nose, and an eye black as Erebus, which fell malignantly on Rosetta, who stood regarding him with extreme disfavor."

"It's all along of her," he returned, in the growling tone of a surly dog. "I was a-tryin' to give her a smack in the long hall, and her made such a skirlin, that Drift, as war coming by, brought his fist on my eye, an' nigh put it out. Oh, but she be the pridiest un I ever seed; but pride comes afore a fall, wench!"

"Come, bundle out of this," said a voice hoarse with anger, and before he could resist, Drift's powerful hand had collared him, and the enraged Rosclerra man dragged him bodily from the room, and, followed by the equally infuriated grandam, lugged him to an outer door, through which he propelled him into the open air, and holding the door in his hand, he motioned the old woman to follow.

She obeyed, and turning round, she shook her immense hand in his face.

"Thou'st got to live to repent this night's work, Jotham Drift," she said, in a tone which was of itself a curse, and joining her shambling descendant, they disappeared into the darkness, while Drift reclosed the door.

"Take my advice, and keep out of that cur's way, Miss Rosetta," said Drift, turning round after completing his task, but to the honest fellow's bewilderment, his pretty friend had disappeared, and with something like a profound sigh, Drift went to get his cloak and torch, and take his place in the procession.

"They be like Mother Carey's chickens, there

be no understanding their ways," he soliloquized, as he hurried away. "I thought mebbe she'd have looked 'thank'ee, Drift.'"

CHAPTER VI.—JULIE.

MRS. BELLEROSE leant forward as the train slowly puffed up to the platform, and watched with considerable interest the crowd which poured out of the different compartments, and rapidly dispersed in every direction, vain to escape the biting December air that came sweeping and howling from the sea, and which made her shiver through her furs and velvets.

She was in an open barouche, with the Rosclerra arms emblazoned on its panels, and the servants were sombre in the mourning liveries of the house, for the former lord had as yet lain but a few weeks in the chancel of the lonely church, and an artist in Rome had only just received orders for the recumbent statues of himself and his bride, which custom deemed necessary to the mortuary well-being of one of the name of Rosclerra.

Cold as was the wind, few hurried past the carriage without casting a glance of admiration at its beautiful and elegant occupant, and in turn, her keen glance searched every face as it hurried past, but fell away disappointed at not finding what it sought.

The crowd had nearly dispersed, and she was about giving the order to drive on, when the door of a first-class compartment, which had hitherto remained closed, suddenly opened, and a lady appeared on the threshold, and with the alacrity of a bird, sprang to the platform, where she stood for an instant glancing anxiously and expectantly round her. Her eyes immediately rested on the Rosclerra equipage, and with a vivacious little movement of the hands, expressive of pleasure and relief, she tripped toward it, while the footman sprang down and flung back the door.

Mrs. Bellerose leant eagerly forward, and extended her delicate hand cordially to the little creature, who, disdaining the aid of the footman's arm, was already in the carriage.

"My dear Julie," said the elder lady, in French, "I had almost given you up. I'm glad you did not disappoint me. But where are your people, my love?"

Julie laughed gleefully and triumphantly.

"I escaped from them at the last place we changed carriages, *ma chère*. Your England is so dull, that if I did not make to myself an adventure, I should expire with ennui. So behold! her I am, while my old Fanchette and sombre Pierre are doubtless rushing to and fro, fifty miles away, seeking their lost mistress!" and at the idea she burst again into a ringing, jubilant laugh, which, despite herself, melted the rigid curves round the fine lips of Mrs. Bellerose into an answering smile.

"Foolish child!" she said, with a faint attempt at reproach in her voice; "we must telegraph instantly to Barchester, and relieve the anxiety of the good old pair. I cannot imagine how Soulanges consented to allow you to cross with only those simple people as escort."

Julie shook her charming head with infinite gravity, and while she nestled down amid the cushions, made answer:

"Oh! papa is so engaged with madame, his new wife, that he allowed me to do exactly as I pleased; and as I can manage Pierre and Fanchette to admiration, I insisted on taking them in preference to any other of the people. Besides, aunt, they don't agree with Madame la Comtesse. They consider her a usurper."

Mrs. Bellerose shrugged her magnificent shoulders, for secretly she regarded her brother-in-law's second wife in exactly the same light; but as the carriage rolled away from the station, she said, consolingly:

"Fortunately you are placed beyond the reach of any act of injustice your poor papa might be so infatuated as to attempt to commit, Julie—a fact on which you ought to congratulate yourself, I assure you."

Julie's bright eyes turned wonderingly on Mrs. Bellerose. It was astonishing how penetrating they were, when the long lashes rose sufficiently to unvail their true expression!

"A Soulanges is never unjust, aunt," she said, in a tone of firm conviction, her lovely face glowing with the pride of race; "and it is not probable the trait will first develop itself in papa. But, aunt, where is Dorion? I flattered myself he would have come with you to welcome me?"

At mention of her son's name, a curious expression crossed the face of Mrs. Bellerose—a look in which pride and something akin to dread were strangely mingled. Yet she seemed pleased at the question, and the pretty eagerness with which it was asked. It augured well for her plans.

"Dorion sent his excuses, but was detained by sudden business—something about the nomination of a new member, I believe. The poor fellow was sadly disappointed, Julie, that he could not come himself; but you will have sufficient time while you are with us to improve each other's acquaintance. I do hope you will exert yourself to rouse him from the state of depression he is in since—" She was about to say, "Since his cousin's death," but she changed the sentence to—"For some time past!"

Despite herself, a gloom overspread her face, heavy and abiding, and it required a firm compression of the lips to restrain the weary sigh which seemed to tear her very heart.

Julie's brilliant eyes softened into tenderest sympathy. She drew her slender hand from her muff, and laid it on her aunt's in a silent compassion which was infinitely more soothing and grateful than any words could have been, and in her innocent heart thought her aunt twice as beautiful in her evidently poignant grief for her unfortunate nephew and his wife than she had before.

"It argues such heavenly tenderness of heart," thought Julie. "If Dorion is like his

mother, I am sure I shall love him at once," and Mrs. Bellerose, yielding herself up to gloomy reverie, left Julie Soulanges at liberty to speculate in quiet on the probable appearance and disposition of her unknown cousin.

Leaning back in her seat, she glanced from under her dark lashes at the pale, proud face opposite, studying it intently, though half unconsciously, in reference to Dorion.

"If he is like her," she mused, "he must indeed be handsome. Those pure Grecian features are beautiful either in man or woman; but I hope his brows do not contract, or his lips compress themselves, like hers. Aunt's face looks like that of one who looks at, and dreads, a fearful tempest. The expression mars her beauty, but nevertheless she is superb."

As I have before remarked, the eloquent eyes of the little French girl were very penetrating.

Dorion, released from his interview with his lawyer, paced up and down his study, waiting for the summons to dinner, which the silent hands of the pendule told him was not far distant. The early December night had closed in, and having sent away the man who brought the lights, the glow of the fire was all the illumination thrown on the vast apartment. The curtains were withdrawn, and a blissing sleet, mingled with hail, dashed against the long, narrow windows, while the low monotone of the sea came now and then more audibly, like the sighing of a mighty giant in torment. The tapestry between the bookcases rustled faintly, and the fantastic griffin-heads and quaint carvings on the panels and bookcases of black oak quivered, in the uncertain light of the fire, with a startlingly lifelike effect.

The sombre-hued Turkey carpet swallowed the sounds of his footfall, as he paced up and down, his arms folded and his head bent in an attitude very usual with him since his accession to the title and estates of his deceased cousin. Indeed, his whole appearance betokened extreme dejection, and his fine features had assumed a pallor very much at variance with the bronzed and healthy glow which usually pervaded them.

It was the first day on which he had entered into any of the business details connected with his new position, and the tragic events which had led to his advancement had been called with added strength to his remembrance. The small, round table, drawn close to the fire, was yet covered with papers, and a leather screen was drawn up in such a manner as to exclude the draft from the door, thus dividing the room into two compartments.

Like most buildings of the style of Mistree Castle, more attention had been paid to grandeur of outline, and solidity, than comfort, and as of late years its owners had seldom made it their home for any lengthened period, it was deficient in many of the luxurious details considered necessary in the nineteenth century.

The library was cut off from the remainder of the building by a small passage of solid masonry, with heavy oaken doors at either end, and so constructed as to exclude every sound from the solitary apartment.

Dorion had turned to the table, and was engaged in putting aside some red-taped documents, preparatory to leaving the room, when he heard the passage-door swung back on its hinges, and immediately after, a little flourishing tap sounded on the heavy panels of the library-door, in the style of what the French term *battant la retraite*, and, somewhat startled by the musical sound so unlike the measured summons of his well-bred domestics, he raised his head from the papers and bade the visitor enter.

The screen interposed between him and the door, and he did not for a moment obtain a view of the intruder, but he heard the door open and close, and fixed his eyes on the end of the screen round which one entering would have to approach the fire.

It seemed to him a faint perfume of roses suddenly diffused itself through the grim apartment, and with a sudden leap the dying fire renewed its strength, and threw a flood of scarlet light on the shifting shadows.

At this instant a small and charming head appeared round the screen, and a pair of luminous eyes, full of the spirit of laughter, met his, and roved over his face with the fearless scrutiny of a child. Apparently the rapid glance was satisfactory, for the owner of the face emerged totally from the concealment of the screen and presented herself to the astonished gaze of Dorion, in the guise of a young lady in a short blue cashmere dress trimmed with swansdown, a most marvelous chignon of misty gold, high-heeled walking-boots, and in fact all the adornments of a "girl of the period" when arrayed for out-of-door exercise.

Dorion's countenance so plainly expressed surprise, that Julie Soulanges laughed aloud, and, arching her pretty brows, deprecatingly observed:

"Oh! pardon! I should perhaps have summoned a domestic to announce to your lordship your cousin, Julie Soulanges; but, monsieur, if I have alarmed you, I will immediately retire."

A light broke upon Dorion. Immersed all day in important matters, the anticipated arrival of his cousin had completely escaped his memory, until she herself recalled the fact to him in the way we have narrated.

A smile, the first which had visited his face for many weeks, played over his features as he advanced to the bright little creature, and took her hand affectionately in his.

"I am very glad to see you, my cousin," he said, in French, but with so unmistakably a British accent, that Julie made a little *moue* of horror.

"Pray speak your own language, monsieur," she said, in the most musical English possible; and Dorion, who, like most Englishmen, was not at all fond of airing his accomplishments, hastened to obey, especially as he felt a secret conviction that it was not his *forte* to wax eloquent in a foreign tongue.

"When did you arrive?" he inquired, as he placed a chair for her close to the fire, and while she dropped into it, he walked to the other side of the hearth, and leaning his elbow on the oaken mantelpiece, looked across at her, as, with the care of a pretty woman for her complexion, she improvised a screen from a sheet of parchment on the table beside her, and shading her lovely face with it, looked at him over it.

"About an hour since," she answered; "and my aunt having retired to her toilet, I wandered about this great house until I found myself by a mysterious door. Impelled by curiosity, I open that door, and behold a second. Haunted by a remembrance of the monster *Barbe-bleu*, I pause before I knock, but the spirit of the Soulanges rises within me, and I knock boldly. A voice which does not sound like that of the unchivalrous *Barbe-bleu* says 'Enter,' and *me voilà*, my cousin."

"It is kind of you to leave Paris in order to visit this gloomy house," said Dorion, his face darkening again, and his eyes turning from his cousin's face to the floor; "it was too much of my mother to ask of you, however, under the circumstances."

"Under the circumstances!" said Julie, opening her arch eyes widely. "Ah! there, my cousin, you are mistaken. Figure to yourself poor papa, the slave of madame, who is younger, but not so pretty as I am. Madame says, 'Julie must not enter society this year; I am not sufficiently aged to play the patron. Julie must go for a year or two to a quiet pension.' I decline to enter the pension, and commence a flirtation with the Comte La Grange, formerly an adorer of madame's. Madame becomes jealous, and scolds poor papa, and poor papa scolds me. In the midst of this imbroglio arrives aunt's invitation, and again, *me voilà*!"

Dorion laughed at the domestic secrets of his uncle's house, detailed so frankly for his benefit, and only determined that his cousin Julie was a unique specimen of the class Young Lady, with the members of which bewitching circle his profession had hitherto prevented his having much intercourse. He raised his eyes and found hers fixed on him in earnest scrutiny, which did not falter as his glance met hers.

The glance was so critical and keen, so unlike what her childlike loveliness would have led him to expect, that in some surprise and confusion he turned his eyes away, and sought relief from his embarrassment in gazing into the glowing fire. There are few men who can bear unmoved the direct scrutiny of a pair of eyes as blue and brilliant as sapphires, and Julie's were at once lustrous and piercing.

Julie was evidently taking mental notes, and presently, having concluded this operation to her satisfaction, she proceeded, to Dorion's infinite dismay, to utter the following speech:

"I think you are the handsomest man I ever saw, my cousin."

Quite unable to make any reply to this very naïve compliment, Dorion glanced stealthily at Julie, with an uncomfortable idea that his fair cousin was enjoying herself at his expense; but such was not the case. Leaning back in the great morocco-covered armchair, she was looking absently over the top of her impromptu screen, into the fire, and, quite unconscious of the effect her speech had made on Dorion, she continued with the most perfect gravity:

"Yes! I know it is rude to make personal remarks; I understand the reproach your silence conveys; but you strike me as being very, what you call here 'uncommon,' and I cannot help speaking the thoughts of my heart. You are very like my aunt in feature, but the expression is all different. I can read your face instantly, but not hers in a thousand years. There is a veil over it."

"It isn't always necessary to fathom an individual's expression in order to get on very well with them," said Dorion, practically, "and I feel quite sure you and my mother will agree famously. But let me offer you my arm, as I see the hands of the clock are pointing to our dinner-hour, and you must be hungry after your journey."

Julie sprang to her feet, and put her hand through his arm. Her appetite was healthy, and the prospect of dinner pleased her; and even the extreme gloom of the corridors and suites of rooms through which they passed failed to depress her bright spirits.

"You must excuse the want of ceremony with which we are treating you," said Lord Rosclerra, as he opened a door and ushered his cousin into a rather small but bright and pretty apartment, in which a small round table was laid with covers for three, and where Mrs. Bellerose was already awaiting them; "but of late we have acquired the habit of dining in my mother's apartment."

Mrs. Bellerose, dressed with a simple magnificence, in keeping with the sable robes of mourning which she wore, drew her niece to her, and kissed her with real affection.

"I have dispatched some of our people to look after Fanchette and Pierre," she said, smiling. "Dorion, did you hear of this child's escapade?"

Julie related with infinite glee her flight from her retainers, and drew a hearty laugh from Dorion by her quaint recital. Her merry eyes sparkled as she mimicked Fanchette's despair at her disappearance, and cross old Pierre's wrath, and then, with infinite demure gravity, gave them *piquante* descriptions of the numerous flirtations of her stepmother, the youthful Comtesse Soulanges.

Indeed, the meal was almost a merry one, and more than once Dorion and his mother were provoked to laughter at her arch sallies.

"And so the Comtesse has taken a caprice to visit America?" said Mrs. Bellerose, leaning back in her chair, and enjoying the sensation of almost forgetting.

"Yes, indeed, *ma tante*, and so M. Soulanges goes some time next month to Washington, in an official capacity."

"And you, Julie—you will not desert us soon. I really cannot give you up."

Dorion looked up eagerly from a peach he was peeling for Julie.

"I don't see, mother," he said, "why we should not pay that wonderful country a visit also; the change would do you good, I am sure," he added, tenderly.

"Aunt," cried Julie, rushing to her side, "you are ill. Oh, Dorion, she is fainting!" "I am better," said Mrs. Bellerose. "I am somewhat subject to these attacks, but they pass off immediately."

"Mother!" exclaimed Dorion, in a tone of alarmed affection, "I never knew this! You must go immediately to London and have advice. Indeed, I must insist on it!"

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Bellerose, so sharply that Dorion gazed at her in unfeigned surprise, and Julie curtailed her eyes with their long lashes, from behind which she darted on her aunt one of those odd, penetrating glances for which she was remarkable.

There was an awkward silence, which was broken by the hurried opening of the door, and Rosetta, pale and frantic-looking, stood on the threshold, trying to utter words that would not come, her hands stretched out piteously, and her wild eyes fastened on Dorion's startled face.

Dorion sprang up, and almost with a stride reached her.

"My poor girl," he said, kindly, "what is the matter? Try to speak."

The kind, familiar voice broke the spell of terror, and, gushing out, "Fram Tregar has murdered Drift—I saw him do it!" poor Rosetta fell at Lord Rosclerra's feet in strong convulsions.

(To be continued.)

CREMONA FIDDLES.

MR. CHARLES READE, in an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, under the above head, writes as follows:

"Nearly fifty years ago, a gaunt Italian, called Luigi Tarisio, arrived in Paris one day with a lot of instruments, by makers whose names were hardly known. The principal dealers, whose minds were narrowed, as is often the case, to three or four makers, would not deal with him. M. George Chanot, younger and more intelligent, purchased largely, and encouraged him to return. He came back next year with a better lot; and yearly increasing his funds, he flew at the highest game; and in the course of thirty years, imported nearly all the finest specimens of Stradivarius and Guarnerius France possesses. He was the greatest connoisseur that ever lived or ever can live, because he had the true mind of a connoisseur and vast opportunities. He ransacked Italy before the tickets in the violins of Francesco Stradivarius, Alexander Gagliano, Lorenzo Guadagnini, Giodredo Cappa, Gobetti, Morgiati, Morella, Antonio Mariani, Santo Maglioli, and Matteo Benti, of Brescia, Michael Angelo Bergonzi, Montagnana, Thomas Balestrieri, Storioni, Vincenzo Rugger, the Testori, Petrus Guarnerius, of Venice, and fully fifty more, had been tampered with, that every brilliant masterpiece might be assigned to some popular name. To his immortal credit, he fought against this mania; and his motto was, '*A tout seigneur tout honneur*.' The man's whole soul was in fiddles. He was a great dealer, but a greater amateur. He had gems by him no money would buy from him. No. 91 was one of them. But for his death, you would never have cast eyes on it. He has often talked to me of it; but he would never let me see it, for fear I should tempt him."

"Well" one day, George Chanot, Sr., who is, perhaps, the best judge of violins left, now Tarisio is gone, made an excursion to Spain to see if he could find anything there. He found mighty little. But, coming to the shop of a fiddle-maker, one Ortega, he saw the belly of an old bass hung up with other things. Chanot rubbed his eyes, and asked himself was he dreaming. The belly of a Stradivarius bass roasting in a shop-window! He went in, and very soon bought it for about forty francs. He then ascertained that the bass belonged to a lady of rank. The belly was full of cracks; so, not to make two bites to a cherry, Ortega had made a nice new one. Chanot carried this precious fragment home and hung it up in his shop, but not in the window; for he is too good a judge not to know the sun will take all the color out of the maker's varnish.

Tarisio came in from Italy, and his eye lighted instantly on the Stradivarius belly. He pestered Chanot till the latter sold it to him for 1,000 francs, and told him where the rest was. Tarisio no sooner knew this than he flew to Madrid. He learned from Ortega where the lady lived, and called on her to see it. 'Sir,' says the lady, 'it is at your disposition.' That does not mean much in Spain. When he offered to buy it, she coquetted with him, said it had been long in her family; money could not replace a thing of that kind; and in short, she put on the screw, as she thought, and sold it to him for about 4,000 francs. What he did with the Ortega belly is not known—perhaps sold it to some person in the tooth-pick trade. He sailed exultantly for Paris with the Spanish bass in a case. He never let it out of his sight. The pair were caught by a storm in the Bay of Biscay. The ship rolled; Tarisio escaped his bass tightly, and trembled. It was a terrible gale, and for one whole day they were in real danger. Tarisio spoke of it to me with a shudder. I will give you his real words, for they struck me at the time, and I have often thought of them since. 'Ah! my poor Mr. Reade, the bass of Spain was all but lost.'

"Was not this a true connoisseur? a genuine enthusiast? Observed there was also an ephemeral insect called Luigi Tarisio, who would have gone down with the bass, but that made

no impression on his mind. *De minimis non curat Ludovicus*."

"He got it safe to Paris. A certain high priest in these mysteries, called Guillaume, with the help of a sacred vessel called the glue-pot, soon rewedded the back and sides to the belly; and the bass, being now just what it was when the ruffian Ortega put his finger in the pie, was sold for 20,000 francs."

"I saw the Spanish bass in Paris twenty-two years ago, and you can see it any day this month you like; for it is the identical violoncello now on show at Kensington, numbered 188. Who would divine its separate adventures, to see it all reposing so calm and uniform in that case?—*Post tot naufragia tutus*."

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

An insect show is to be held in Paris.

PRINCE ARTHUR is writing magazine articles.

THERE are 22 murderers in the Tombs in New York city.

ANNE ARDEN is the Queen of Sweden's *nom de plume*.

FLORENCE has more American residents than Rome this Fall.

SAN FRANCISCO is at present overrun with Mexican exiles.

IOWA will have a new capital completed before cold weather.

COUNT ANDRASSY, the Austrian Councillor, is to be made a prince.

A CHINESE lodge of Masons has been organized at Oregon City.

OLE BULL leaves Liverpool for the United States on November 1st.

THE poems of the late King of Sweden have been published in German.

THE Louisville Exposition, on a capital of \$154,000, has netted \$20,000.

THE improvements in the supply of water to London will cost \$45,000,000.

THE Empress of Russia and Prince Nicholas will spend the Winter in Jerusalem.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., is brushing up for the expected influx of Northern visitors.

THE Right Rev. James Gibbons has been installed Catholic Bishop of Richmond.

ARKANSAS CITY, Kan., greets its first baby born there, and has deduced it a city lot.

THE ladies of Texas will provide a monument for the grave of General Magruder.

THE boring of the Hoosac Tunnel progressed to the extent of 310 feet last month.

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE has been appointed a trustee of the Massachusetts State Library.

ALDERMAN SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW proposes that a tribunal of commerce be established in London.

PREPARATIONS are in progress in New Orleans for a grand Industrial Exposition in that city.

THE next Pope has already been fixed upon, in the person of Cardinal Antonio Fanebianco, a Sicilian.

A SUITE of rooms has been engaged at Vienna for M. Thiers, who will visit next year's exhibition.

THE King of Burmah has degraded the most powerful man in his kingdom for drinking and taking bribes.

HEGERNANN LINDENCROUS has been appointed Chargé d'Affaires and Consul-General of Denmark at Washington.

JOHN C. RAFFERTY has been appointed by Governor Randolph Judge of Common Pleas of Hamilton County, N. J.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ has been elected Associate Member of the French Academy in the place of the late Sir Roderick Murchison.

VON MOLTKE once lent his assistance to the reorganization of the Turkish Army, and served in several expeditions against the Kurds.

IN consequence of the great success of our Weather Bureau, similar offices are to be established by a number of European Governments.

POLLARD'S PEAK, near Summit Station, on the California and Nevada line, has been selected as the site of the great National Observatory.

WHILE the population of Russia has increased five-fold in the last century and a half, that of the United States has increased forty-fold.

NEARLY all the foundries of the city of Lisbon, Portugal, have been closed on account of strikes among the workmen—employers refusing to yield.

THE State Department has information that ex Consul-General Butler, and Wadleigh and Strolege, his assistants, are now in London under assumed names.

THAT mythical creature, the "Wandering Jew" of the foreign gambling-houses, has lately been at Homburg, where he won over 1,000,000 francs and broke the bank.

PARIS is undergoing a new excitement. President Thiers announces that he had received information to the effect that the Communists of Paris have in their possession 2,000 Orsini bombs.

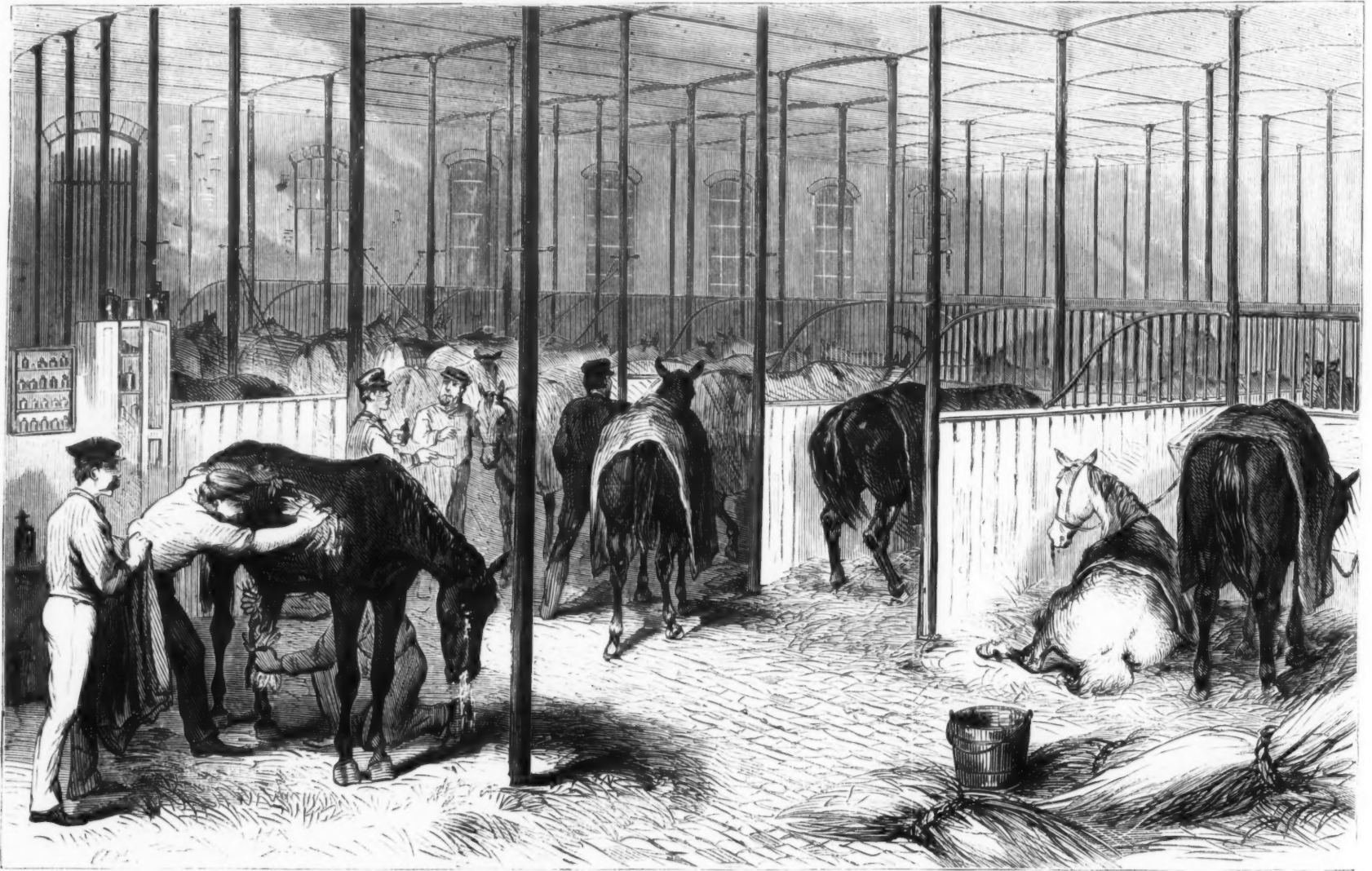
THE Shah of Persia is about to visit Europe, and preparations on a scale of truly Oriental magnificence are already making for the occasion. He will probably embark at Constantinople early in the Spring of 1873.

THE graduates of Harvard College, residing in and about Boston, are preparing a crew to race the undergraduate crews at the Fall Races. Boating interests are lively at Harvard, Brown and Amherst Colleges this Fall.

IT is stated that the King of Hanover is in treaty for the purchase of a considerable estate in England, where he will probably reside henceforth. He is a full cousin of Queen Victoria, and hereditary Duke of Cumberland.

BISHOP PERSICO, of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Georgia and Florida, has sent his resignation to the Pope. It is thought it will be accepted, and the Rev. Father Wayrick, of the Church of the Holy Evangelist, in New York city, is spoken of as his successor.

THE force of example is illustrated in the statement of the Abbés Guichet and Renaud that more than two hundred priests, including themselves, are about to follow where Père Hyacinthe has led, and demand from marriage a felicity which is permitted by the Bible."



NEW YORK CITY.—THE HORSE EPIDEMIC—SCENE IN THE STABLES OF THE THIRD AVENUE RAILROAD COMPANY—BRINGING THE ANIMALS TO THE SURGEON FOR TREATMENT.

HON. SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, M. C., OF NEW YORK.

THIS distinguished Representative of the Sixth New York District in the Forty-second Congress was born in Zanesville, O., the 30th of September, 1824. His early career was spent in gleaning the best possible education at the common schools. He afterward attended the Ohio University at Athens, but graduated at Brown's University, Providence, R. I., in the Class of 1846. Mr. Cox then devoted himself to the study and practice of law. Possessing a natural taste for literary pursuits, and a yearning for the political strife of 1853, from the Democratic standpoint, Mr. Cox became the owner and editor of the *Columbus (O.) Statesman*, supporting the Administration of President Pierce. In 1855 he was appointed Secretary of the United States Legation to Peru, the duties of which office he filled to the highest satisfaction of the Department of State. In 1864 he was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention at Chicago; and also a delegate, in 1868, to the National Democratic Convention in New York. Mr. Cox was elected from the Columbus (O.) District to the Thirty-fifth, Thirty-sixth, Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth Congresses. During this service he was an active member of several of the leading committees of the House, and at one time, before the Republicans obtained control of the organization of the latter, he was Chairman of the important Committee on Revolutionary Claims. During a recess of Congress, Mr. Cox made a flying trip to Europe, and wrote a popular work on foreign travel, entitled, "*A Buckeye Abroad*."

In March, 1865, Mr. Cox removed to New York city to reside. He settled in the Sixth Congressional District, and was nominated by the Democrats of that district as their Representative to the Forty-first Congress. He was elected, and then re-elected again to the present Forty-second Congress, against Horace Greeley, who was the Republican candidate. After Mr. Cox's retirement from Congress as a representative from Ohio, he wrote and published a political work, entitled, "*Eight Years in Congress*." It was a *résumé* of the author's experience while a member of the House.

In 1869 Mr. Cox visited Europe again, touring through Spain and other parts of Southern Europe and Northern Africa. On his homeward trip he tarried long enough in England to write an interesting sketch of his travels, which he published in London. It was entitled, "*A Hunt for Winter Sunbeams*," and has had an extensive circulation in this country.

Mr. Cox, although a devoted Democrat—considered sometimes by his opponents as almost servile—was loyal in every sense of the word when his party showed signs of secession and rebellion against the Government. He took his place firmly with the little band of War Democrats in the House, but for whom, Mr. Lincoln said, the resolution for submitting to the action of the several States "An Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, prohibiting the existence of Slavery within the States and Territories of the Union for ever," would not have been passed. On several occasions Mr. Seward paid Mr. Cox a similar compliment for his patriotic action in Congress, not only upon the important question referred to, but also the voting of supplies which relieved

the Government from all embarrassments in the necessary work of suppressing the Rebellion and saving the Union. To the credit of Mr. Cox be this said.

When the corruptions of Tammany and the corruptions in the New York Custom House were made public, he pronounced for Reform against both of those infamously corrupt Rings. He initiated steps in Congress relative to the Custom House stealing inaugurated by Lindsay, Leet and Stocking, which forced Secretary Boutwell to immediately order an investigation, and which resulted in abolishing the unlawful establishment known then as the "Carling Bureau," and forbidding the future imposition of a heavy tax upon the merchants' carmen.

Mr. Cox is at present a member of the House

Committee on Foreign Affairs, involving duties made comparatively easy by reason of his experience in the field of diplomacy, his travels in foreign countries, close study and research.

The Honorable gentleman—the subject of this sketch—is now before the people as the Liberal Republican and Democratic candidate from the State of New York at large. That he will be elected there can be but one opinion.

He is capable, honest, active, ever watchful that the people's treasury is sacredly guarded. His forcible speeches illustrate the care with which he confronts and exposes high-handed legislative schemes to rob the people. Mr. Cox is too well-known to require a more extended notice.



HON. SAMUEL S. COX, OF NEW YORK.

ALSACE-LORRAINE IN NEW YORK.

THE United States shares with France one of the effects of her late war. The occupants of the Provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, seeing that by the cession of their territory to Germany they would become virtually German citizens, inaugurated a social revolution, during which thousands left the home of their birth, and sought a refuge either in the quieter districts of their own country or the United States. Of the entire population of these Provinces, but a few hundreds are left. The emigration has been ceaseless. Large families whose labors were a source of profit to the conquerors, rather than bow in allegiance, gathered their small possessions and withdrew to less obnoxious districts.

On Saturday, October 19th, a very large party reached New York by steamer, on their way to new homes. For several days the office of the *Société Alsacienne-Lorraine*, in Spring Street, was crowded with these voluntary exiles, seeking information about the lands upon which they are to colonize.

They appeared independent and hopeful. They desired only the opportunity of securing a livelihood. They were personally unable to accept the conditions of peace. They sought in free America the bread and protection they could not conscientiously receive at the hands of their conquerors.

In conversation, they expressed the opinion that it was utterly impossible for the French to become friendly with the invaders. The attachments of a generation were destroyed. The friendships, the interests, the patriotic contentment were all blotted out by the results of the war. There was but one choice: either become Germans by fealty or leave the Provinces. The latter was the most compatible with unrestrained liberty.

These people formed as a class the peasantry. Here and there were faces delineating the evidence of superior intellectual advantages. There was, too, a sprinkling of German countenances, but the mass was unmistakably French, the working, revenue-producing French—the lower classes, which, while cognizant of few of the luxuries of life, were content to plod on in their quiet, unobtrusive way, having but one great idea—that of fidelity to *la belle France*.

Several of the emigrants were heroes and heroines of singular escapes from death and conscription. These exerted great influence over their companions, and when one's determination flagged, a personal experience with the German bugbear would satisfy all of the rectitude of their present course.

The natives of Alsace and Lorraine, no one need be told, are leaving their homes and their firesides, not by hundreds, but by thousands. Thousands of them have gone to what is indisputably France; thousands have gone to seek and find sympathy and friendship in Belfast among the Irish, and thousands have come here. Since the 1st of January last, between 6,000 and 7,000 have reached New York. Of nearly all these this little "*Société Alsacienne-Lorraine*" has taken care. Numbers have been procured places and situations of all kinds as painters, glaziers, hairdressers, tacket

makers, milliners, seamstresses, and household servants.

The advance-guard of the large body of emigrants from Alsace and Lorraine, who are to settle in the neighborhood of Alexandria, Va., have reached that city, and are now engaged in prospecting for favorable sites whereon to settle. Some time will be devoted by these immigrants to the inspection of the several tracts of land which are now in the market in that section of Virginia. They desire not less than 4,000 acres in a body, though they would prefer a much larger quantity, and will be governed by the price and location of the land. The colony now numbers about 200 families, and are skilled in arts, manufactures and farming. They are all from that portion of France captured by the Prussians in the late war. Their purpose is to exclude all others from the colony but those who come with them for the term of five years, during which time no one of the company will be authorized to dispose of any portion of lands purchased and embraced within their survey. If they can be suited in Virginia on good terms, they say they can increase their colony to 2,000 families without any trouble.

LUCCA IN "FAUST."

IT is a most difficult matter to decide in which character Madame Pauline Lucca is seen at her best. In "L'Africaine" she is without a rival; in "Fra Diavolo" equally good; as Zerlina, in "Don Giovanni," who can truly describe her excellences? while as Marguerita, in "Faust," she makes us forget the fair-haired Gretchens of old, and gives us a creation at once natural and charming; as widely different from the dreamy girl, Marguerita, of any other prima donna, as day is from night. Madame Lucca instills warmth and love into the part, not dreaminess and vapid resignation, and we are first astonished, and then delighted with her impersonation.

In the scene which we have represented, she has fallen with the truth of nature into the

arms of Faust; not with the carefully guarded, mechanical embrace to which we have been so often treated, but with a fire and earnestness which she can so well delineate. She is, indeed, Marguerita as Goethe must have imagined her, and in this, as in all her wondrous creations, we never see Madame Pauline Lucca, but the

heroine whom she personates. We forget Selika, Mignon, Zerlina, and the other characters, in which it has been our good fortune to hear her, and see only a new and natural Marguerita.

In the church scene she is grand, and Madame Pauline Lucca is, without doubt, the greatest tragedienne upon the lyric stage.

discharge changes to a greenish or yellow color, and the pulse becomes rapid. The epidemic generally lasts about ten days, and the animal then seems none the worse for having had it. Veterinary surgeons recommend that when the animals show symptoms of illness, rest and protection from cold by

THE HORSE EPIDEMIC.

IT seems decreed by some mysterious power that we have a lively sensation every six months. In a record of periodical excitements for several years past, we find that, to use a sporting phrase, they are always on time.

Crime and accident become epidemic, and it requires no great stretch of the memory to enumerate instances in proof.

The engrossing malady just now, especially of the Eastern States, is the horse affliction. This, sweeping down upon our cities from Canada, and spreading with remarkable rapidity through private and public stables, creates grave apprehensions for the next two weeks.

Intelligence of the appearance of the affection in Buffalo and other Western cities had hardly reached New York, when its prevalence was noticed on our street railroads and stage lines.

On Monday, October 21st, its operation was general, and business men began to feel concern regarding the prospective impediment to commercial transactions. The necessity of pedestrian exercise from City Hall to Harlem appeared quite probable, while undertakers became alarmed at the possible inability of supplying the requisite transportation for funerals. Great anxiety was also manifested lest the horses of our Fire Department would succumb, thus increasing the usual dangers of an extensive conflagration.

The early symptoms of this disease are said to be a light, hacking cough and general dullness, with an indisposition to move; cold ears and legs, with a watery discharge from the nostrils. At first, the nasal membrane is pale, but as the disease advances it becomes highly colored, the mucous



MADAME PAULINE LUCCA IN THE CHARACTER OF MARGUERITA, IN THE OPERA OF "FAUST."



THE HORSE EPIDEMIC—ADMINISTERING PREVENTIVES IN THE FORM OF AN ELECTUARY INJECTED INTO THE STOMACH.



THE HORSE EPIDEMIC—APPLYING POWERFUL TINCTURES TO THE TONGUE OF THE ANIMAL IN THE ADVANCED STATE OF THE DISEASE.

blankets and a comfortable stable are the first remedies that should be resorted to. Hot bran mash, to keep the system open, are also generally recommended, while some doctors steam the head of the animal. The epidemic has all the characteristics of an influenza.

In Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo, Syracuse, Rochester, Albany, Boston and other cities, street-car travel was seriously interrupted, and in some instances entirely suspended.

Passing up and down the principal thoroughfares of New York, scarcely one out of three horses were found free from the disease. The depots of the various horse-car lines were thronged with horse-fanciers and citizens, eager to learn the best mode of treatment.

It is generally conceded by veterinary surgeons that the homeopathic system is superior in actual cure.

The Third Avenue line employs the largest number of horses, and the stable and hospital at Sixty-sixth Street were filled with coughing horses. Dr. Boomer, the surgeon, does not regard the disease as contagious or fatal, and uses a very mild system of treatment.

One preventive the horses are given, is an ounce and a quarter of molasses and licorice, in water. When the disease is settled, doses of from five to seven drops of acetic acid are administered. In case there is no relaxation of the muscles of the throat, a small quantity of lobelia is given, the food is changed from hay or oats to bran, and a drink of linseed-water furnished in large quantity. All horses have no appetite, but become very thirsty. In case of colic, they are covered with blankets, and placed in the hospital.

Some surgeons favor placing steaming bran in the stalls, where the horse can inhale the fumes. All agree that no harsh remedies should be applied. Give the animal rest and kind treatment, and no danger need be apprehended.

During the latter part of the week the epidemic became universal. It probably will run its day, and if merchants and travelers will but allow their horses a brief season of rest, they will soon be in working order again.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

There are two things in the world that are not safe to trifle with—a woman's opinions, and the business end of a wasp.

The following is an Irish advertisement verbatim: "To be sold, a splendid gray horse, calculated for a charger, or would carry a lady with a switch tail."

In some eating-houses the following songs are sung: *Flash—short meater*. Bologna sausage—*long meater*. Boiled pork—*common meater*. Porter-house steak—*particular meater*. At free lunches, *clam eater* prevails.

Tobacco dances are the last thing in Virginia, says an exchange. We remember attending a tobacco dance in Ohio, twenty years ago, when our father caught us smoking a cheap cigar behind the barn. The Majitons never began to step so lively as we did.

The grossest instance of humbug we have met with for a long time is that of an individual who advertises for sale a Siberian bloodhound, which he calls "A. I.," when every one possessing the ordinary rudiments of an English education ought to know that the best is K. 9.

A GENTLEMAN handed up a ten-dollar bill in one of the Red Line coaches, from which one fare, five cents, was to be taken. "Look at here," said the driver, down through the hole. "Which of these horses do you want to buy with this ten-dollar bill?" "Well," coolly replied the gentleman, "I thought I might get both for that."

A COUNTRY merchant, having procured a new clerk, waked him up the morning after he was hired. At a most unreasonable hour, by calling out that the family were sitting down to the table. "Thank you," said the boy, as he turned over in bed to adjust himself for a new nap—"thank you; but I never allow myself to eat anything during the night."

A MAN who snores was described by his friend the other day as follows: "Snore! oh no, I guess not—no name for it! When you wake up in the morning and find that the house you lodge in has been moved half a mile during the night by the respiratory vehemence of a fellow-lodger, you may get some idea of that fellow's performances. His landlady gets her house moved back by turning his bed around."

MANY of our readers who have for years frequented the Exhibitions of the American Institute, will remember the vases of rare exotic flowers that have so agreeably relieved the collections of agricultural implements and products, and specimens of domestic work. It is but just to a thorough florist to state that they were from the establishment of Mr. Adolphe Le Mout. Few fanciers of floral compositions are aware of the thought and labor necessary to complete a chaste design. They are pleased with the work, but little acknowledgment is given the florist for the study and patient toil shown in the crowns, crosses and other arrangements. Mr. Le Mout is, by nature, a lover of flowers, and besides paying great attention to them in a collected form, takes pains to prepare precious combinations for a lengthy preservation. His store, at No. 7 Union Square, is generally crowded by those who wish instruction in floral matters.

A STRIKINGLY interesting feature of the American Institute Fair is the display of agricultural products from a portion of our Northwestern territory, that has, until recently, been unexplored. The route of the Northern Pacific Railway appears, from the specimens of vegetables and cereals on exhibition, to be unusually fertile. Minnesota, Dakota, Washington Territory and Oregon have contributed a general line of vegetables of wonderful growth. Beets, potatoes, onions, squashes, radishes, wheat, rye, Millet and Hungarian grass, flourish better in this new garden than in any other part of the country. Though the vegetables are mammoth in size, they are of the finest grain and flavor. The grapes of Minnesota rival the Niagara in size and taste, and are excellent for wine. This district extends from Lake Superior on the east, to Sandown on the Pacific coast, around Puget Sound, and the mouth of the Columbia, and thence down into what was for many years known as the "Great American Desert." Few departments of the Fair attract greater attention than this.

It is a common query among professionals, as well as amateurs, Where can I get a good Cornet or Band Instrument? In reply we would state, you have only to go or send to Messrs. M. J. Paillard

& Co., No. 680 Broadway, New York, where you will be sure to get just the instrument you want. Messrs. Paillard & Co. are the agents for the celebrated American Cornet and Band Instruments, manufactured by the Schreiber Cornet Company, which, although but comparatively a few years in the market, have already received the first prizes from the Paris Universal Exposition. Also, from a large number of different State Fairs throughout the country. In beauty, power, sweetness of tone, and ease with which they can be blown, they stand unrivaled. The well-earned and wide-spread reputation of Messrs. M. J. Paillard & Co. is a sure guarantee in their behalf. Either call or send for their Descriptive Illustrated Circular.

THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND.—It is susceptible of easy proof that the Sewing Machine has been a greater blessing to the masses of American people than any invention of the present century. Nothing else has done so much to save the lives and health of the wives and mothers, the patient, overworked women of the land, who, as a class, most needed relief from the burdens of every-day life. Every father and husband falls in his duty if he neglects to endow his home with such a triumph of science as the Wilson Under-Feed Sewing Machine. It is the cheapest and best sewing machine ever offered. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the U. S. The company want agents in country towns.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

MISS ELLEN CORBETT, Brooklyn, N. Y., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine since 1858, doing the entire sewing for thirteen adults; it is as easily used as a hand needle. A No. 2 needle did all the sewing for 10 years; it has paid for itself many times over, and they would not go back to hand-sewing for ten times its cost. See the new improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.

THE "Willcox & Gibbs" seam is more elastic and durable than a lock-stitch seam, and yet goods made upon it can be taken to pieces for "making up" without ripping, by unlocking the seam.—From Reasons for purchasing a Willcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine. 658 Broadway, N. Y.

SUPPER parties can be accommodated at the *Maison Dorée*, corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street, near Union Square. It is patronized by the *élite* of the fashion and the respectability of New York. If desired, parties of four or more can have a room to themselves. It is also the very place for ladies who have been out shopping to call and take a little luncheon in.

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MORNING AND EVENING.—The Detroit DAILY TRIBUNE is sold by newsdealers in all the adjacent cities, and upon all trains arriving and departing on each of the eight railroads centering at Detroit.

THE new Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., is convenient to all the places of amusement.

DOUGAN, Manufacturer and Importer of Hats, 102 Nassau Street, cor. Ann, N. Y. 859-901

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AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money at work for us than at anything else. Particulars free. G. STINSON & Co., Fine Art Publishers, Portland, Maine.

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This fine book, of 250 large pages, well filled with the choicest Strauss dance music, has already had a very large sale. Among its gems are:

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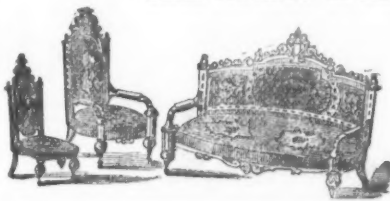
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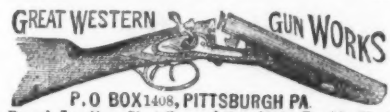


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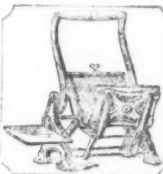
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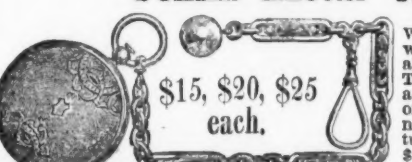
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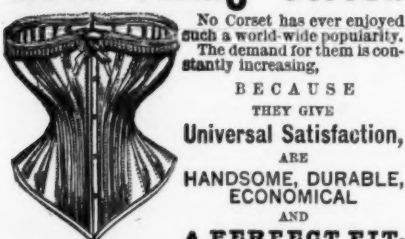
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